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LATER RECITATIONS IN VERSE

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LATER RECITATIONS IN VERSE

SERIOUS AND HUMOROUS

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

ERNEST PERTWEE

AUTHOR OF "THE RECITER'S TREASURY OF VERSE"



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PREFACE

THESE later recitations, containing selections from the poems of several recent writers, and a few additional pieces, may be used as a supplement to my *Reciter's Treasury of Verse*, in the original preface to which I expressed regret at being unable to include examples of Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne's genius.

Since then, however, Mr. Swinburne has most kindly given me permission to reprint three of his poems, which accordingly are embodied in this book.

My thanks and those of the Publishers are also due to Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Watts-Dunton, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Alfred Noyes and many other writers, for permission generously accorded.

I have also included several additional classical poems particularly suitable for elocutionary study, and I confidently trust that equally with the parent volume, which has met with such wide success, this present collection will prove of use and of interest to reciters and to teachers and their pupils.

My own and the Publishers' apologies are here tendered if any infringement of copyright has inadvertently occurred, despite our best efforts to the contrary.

ERNEST PERTWEE.

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SERIOUS VERSE

CHORUS FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain ;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might ;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet ;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling ?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her—
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp player ;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the south-west wind and the west wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins ;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins ;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit ;
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,
 And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
 The chestnut husk at the chestnut root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight
 The Mænad and the Bassarid ;
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
 Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes ;
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs ;
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

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THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

HERE, where the world is quiet ;
 Here, where all trouble seems
 Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
 In doubtful dreams of dreams ;
 I watch the green field growing
 For reaping folk and sowing,
 For harvest-time and mowing,
 A sleepy world of streams,

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep ;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap :
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer ;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither ;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born ;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell ;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes ;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands ;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born ;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn ;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings ;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things ;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure ;
To-day will die to-morrow ;
Time stoops to no man's lure ;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful,
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light :
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight :
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal ;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand ?
So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken ;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not ;
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry ;
 From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
 Over the meadows that blossom and wither
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song ;
 Only the sun and the rain come hither
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
 Only the wind here hovers and revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death.
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Haply of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
 Did he whisper, "look forth from the flowers to the sea ;
 For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
 And men that love lightly may die—but we ?"
 And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
 Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither ?
 And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
 Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
 As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
 Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them ?
 What love was ever as deep as a grave ?
 They are loveless now as the grass above them,
 Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
 Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
 Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
 In the air now soft with a summer to be.
 Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
 Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
 When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
 We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever ;
 Here change may come not till all change end.
 From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
 Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
 Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
 While the sun and the rain live these shall be,
 Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
 Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
 Till terrace and meadow and deep gulfs drink,
 Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
 The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
 Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
 Death lies dead.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

DAVID GWYNN'S STORY OF HOW HE AND THE GOLDEN SKELETON CRIPPLED THE GREAT ARMADA SAILING OUT.

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

"A GALLEY lie" they called my tale ; but he
 Whose talk is with the deep kens mighty tales :
 The man, I say, who helped to keep you free
 Stands here, a truthful son of truthful Wales.
 Slandered by England as a loose-lipped liar,
 Banished from Ireland, branded rogue and thief,
 Here stands that Gwynn whose life of torments dire
 Heaven sealed for England, sealed in blood and fire—
 Stands asking here Truth's one reward, belief !

And Spain shall tell, with pallid lips of dread,
 This tale of mine—shall tell, in future days,
 How Gwynn, the galley-slave, once fought and bled
 For England when she moved in perilous ways ;
 But say, ye gentlemen of England, sprung
 From loins of men whose ghosts have still the sea—
 Doth England—she who loves the loudest tongue—
 Remember mariners whose deeds are sung
 By waves where flowed their blood to keep her free ?

I see—I see ev'n now—those ships of Spain
 Gathered in Tagus' mouth to make the spring ;
 I feel the cursèd oar, I toil again,
 And trumpets blare, and priests and choir-boys sing ;
 And morning strikes with many a crimson shaft,
 Through ruddy haze, four galleys rowing out—
 Four galleys built to pierce the English craft,
 Each swivel-gunned for raking fore and aft,
 Snouted like sword-fish, but with iron snout.

And one we call the *Princess*, one the *Royal*,
Diana one ; but 'tis the fell *Basana*
 Where I am toiling, Gwynn, the true, the loyal,
 Thinking of mighty Drake and Gloriana ;
 For by their help Hope whispers me that I—
 Whom ten hours' daily travail at a stretch
 Has taught how sweet a thing it is to die—
 May strike once more where flags of England fly,
 Strike for myself and many a haggard wretch.

True sorrow knows a tale it may not tell :
 Again I feel the lash that tears my back ;
 Again I hear mine own blaspheming yell,
 Answered by boatswain's laugh and scourge's crack ;
 Again I feel the pang when trying to choke
 Rather than drink the wine, or chew the bread
 Wherewith, when rest for meals would break the stroke,
 They cram our mouths while still we sit at yoke ;
 Again is Life, not Death, the shape of dread.

By Finisterre there comes a sudden gale,
 And mighty waves assault our trembling galley
 With blows that strike her waist as strikes a flail,
 And soldiers cry, " What saint shall bid her rally ? "

Some slaves refuse to row, and some implore
 The Dons to free them from the metal tether
 By which their limbs are locked upon the oar ;
 Some shout, in answer to the billows' roar,
 " The Dons and we will drink brine-wine together."

" Bring up the slave," I hear the captain cry,
 " Who sank the golden galleon *El Dorado*.
 The dog can steer." " Here sits the dog," quoth I,
 " Who sank the ship of Commodore Medrado ! "

With hell-lit eyes, blistered by spray and rain,
 Standing upon the bridge, saith he to me :
 " Hearken, thou pirate—bold Medrado's bane !—
 Freedom and gold are thine, and thanks of Spain,
 If thou can'st take the galley through this sea."

" Ay ! ay ! " quoth I. The fools unlock me straight !
 And then 'tis I give orders to the Don,
 Laughing within to hear the laugh of Fate,
 Whose winning game I know hath just begun.
 I mount the bridge when dies the last red streak
 Of evening, and the moon seems fain for night.
 Oh then I see beneath the galley's beak
 A glow like Spanish *auto*'s ruddy reek—
 Oh then these eyes behold a wondrous sight !

A skeleton, but yet with living eyes—
 A skeleton, but yet with bones like gold—
 Squats on the galley-beak, in wondrous wise,
 And round his brow, of high imperial mould,
 A burning circle seems to shake and shine,
 Bright, fiery bright, with many a living gem,
 Throwing a radiance o'er the foam-lit brine :
 " 'Tis God's Revenge," methinks. " Heaven sends for sign
 That bony shape—that Inca's diadem."

At first the sign is only seen of me,
 But well I know that God's Revenge hath come
 To strike the Armada, set old ocean free,
 And cleanse from stain of Spain the beauteous foam.
 Quoth I, " How fierce soever be the levin
 Spain's hand can hurl—made mightier still for wrong
 By that great Scarlet One whose hills are seven—
 Yea, howsoever Hell may scoff at Heaven—
 Stronger than Hell is God, though Hell is strong."

" The dog can steer," I laugh ; " yea, Drake's men know
 How sea-dogs hold a ship to Biscay waves."
 Ah ! when I bid the soldiers go below,
 Some 'neath the hatches, some beside the slaves,
 And bid them stack their muskets all in piles
 Beside the foremast, covered by a sail,
 The captives guess my plan—I see their smiles
 As down the waist the cozened troop defiles,
 Staggering and stumbling landsmen, faint and pale.

I say, they guess my plan—to send beneath
 The soldiers to the benches where the slaves
 Sit, armed with eager nails and eager teeth—
 Hate's nails and teeth more keen than Spanish glaives,
 Then wait until the tempest's waxing might
 Shall reach its fiercest, mingling sea and sky,
 Then seize the key, unlock the slaves, and smite
 The sea-sick soldiers in their helpless plight,
 Then bid the Spaniards pull at oar or die.

Past Ferrol Bay each galley 'gins to stoop,
 Shuddering before the Biscay demon's breath.
 Down goes a prow—down goes a gaudy poop :
 "The Don's *Diana* bears the Don to death,"
 Quoth I, "and see the *Princess* plunge and wallow
 Down purple trough, o'er snowy crest of foam :
 See ! see ! the *Royal*, how she tries to follow
 By many a glimmering crest and shimmering hollow,
 Where gull and petrel scarcely dare to roam."

Now, three queen galleys pass Cape Finisterre ;
 The Armada, dreaming but of ocean storms,
 Thinks not of mutineers with shoulders bare,
 Chained, bloody-wealed and pale, on galley forms,
 Each rower murmuring o'er my whispered plan,
 Deep-burnt within his brain in words of fire,
 "Rise, every man, to tear to death his man—
 Yea, tear as only galley captives can,
 When God's Revenge sings loud to ocean's lyre."

Taller the spectre grows 'mid ocean's din ;
 The captain sees the Skeleton and pales :
 I give the sign : the slaves cry, "Ho for Gwynn !"
 "Teach them," quoth I, "the way we grip in Wales."
 And, leaping down where hateful boatswains shake,
 I win the key—let loose a storm of slaves :
 "When captives hold the whip, let drivers quake,"
 They cry ; "sit down, ye Dons, and row for Drake,
 Or drink to England's Queen in foaming waves."

We leap adown the hatches ; in the dark
 We stab the Dons at random, till I see
 A spark that trembles like a tinder-spark,
 Waxing and brightening, till it seems to be

A fleshless skull, with eyes of joyful fire :
 Then, lo ! a bony shape with lifted hands—
 A bony mouth that chants an anthem dire,
 O'ertopping groans, o'ertopping Ocean's quire—
 A skeleton with Inca's diadem stands !

It sings the song I heard an Indian sing,
 Chained by the ruthless Dons to burn at stake,
 When priests of Tophet chanted in a ring,
 Sniffing man's flesh at roast for Christ His sake.
 The Spaniards hear : they see : they fight no more ;
 They cross their foreheads, but they dare not speak.
 Anon the spectre, when the strife is o'er,
 Melts from the dark, then glimmers as before,
 Burning upon the conquered galley's beak.

And now the moon breaks through the night, and shows
 The *Royal* bearing down upon our craft—
 Then comes a broadside close at hand, which strows
 Our deck with bleeding bodies fore and aft.
 I take the helm ; I put the galley near :
 We grapple in silver sheen of moonlit surge.
 Amid the *Royal's* din I laugh to hear
 The curse of many a British mutineer,
 The crack, crack, crack of boatswain's biting scourge.

" Ye scourge in vain," quoth I, " scourging for life
 Slaves who shall row no more to save the Don ;"
 For from the *Royal's* poop, above the strife,
 Their captain gazes at our Skeleton !
 " What ! is it thou, Pirate of *El Dorado* ? "
 He shouts in English tongue. And there, behold !
 Stands he, the devil's commodore, Medrado.
 " Ay ! ay ! " quoth I, " Spain owes me one strappado
 For scuttling Philip's ship of stolen gold."

" I come for that strappado now," quoth I.
 " What means yon thing of burning bones ? " he saith.
 " 'Tis God's Revenge cries, ' Bloody Spain shall die ! '
 The king of El Dorado's name is Death.
 Strike home, ye slaves ; your hour is coming swift,"
 I cry ; " strong hands are stretched to save you now ;
 Show yonder spectre you are worth the gift."
 But when the *Royal*, captured, rides adrift,
 I look : the skeleton hath left our prow.

When all are slain, the tempest's wings have fled,
 But still the sea is dreaming of the storm :
 Far down the offing glows a spot of red,
 My soul knows well it hath that Inca's form.
 "It lights," quoth I, "the red cross banner of Spain
 There on the flagship where Medina sleeps—
 Hell's banner, wet with sweat of Indians' pain,
 And tears of women yoked to treasure train,
 Scarlet of blood for which the New World weeps."

There on the dark the flagship of the Don
 To me seems luminous of the spectre's glow ;
 But soon an arc of gold, and then the Sun,
 Rise o'er the reddening billows, proud and slow ;
 Then, through the curtains of the morning mist,
 That take all shifting colours as they shake,
 I see the great Armada coil and twist
 Miles, miles along the ocean's amethyst,
 Like hell's old snake of hate—the wingèd snake.

And, when the hazy veils of Morn are thinned,
 That snake accursed, with wings which swell and puff
 Before the slackening horses of the wind,
 Turns into shining ships that tack and luff.
 "Behold," quoth I, "their floating citadels,
 The same the priests have vouched for musket-proof,
 Caracks and hulks and nimble caravels,
 That sailed with us to sound of Lisbon bells—
 Yea, sailed from Tagus' mouth, for Christ's behoof.

For Christ's behoof they sailed : see how they go
 With that red skeleton to show the way
 There sitting on Medina's stem aglow—
 A hundred sail and forty-nine, men say ;
 Behold them, brothers, galleon and galeasse—
 Their dizened turrets bright of many a plume,
 Their gilded poops, their shining guns of brass,
 Their trucks, their flags—behold them, how they pass—
 With God's Revenge for figurehead—to Doom ! ”

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKEN.

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

Percy, on seeing a storm-petrel in a cage on a cottage near Gipsy Dell, takes down the cage with the view of releasing the bird.)

I CANNOT brook thy gaze, belovèd bird ;
 That sorrow is more than human in thine eye ;
 Too deeply, brother, is my spirit stirred
 To see thee here, beneath the landsmen's sky,
 Cooped in a cage with food thou canst not eat,
 Thy "snow-flake" soiled, and soiled those conquering feet
 That walked the billows, while thy "sweet-sweet-sweet"
 Proclaimed the tempest nigh.

Bird whom I welcomed while the sailors cursed,
 Friend whom I blessed wherever keels may roam,
 Prince of my childish dreams whom mermaids nursed
 In purple of billows—silver of ocean-foam,
 Abashed I stand before the mighty grief
 That quells all other : Sorrow's King and Chief,
 Who rides the wind and holds the sea in fief,
 Then finds a cage for home !

From out thy jail thou seest yon heath and woods,
 But canst thou hear the birds or smell the flowers ?
 Ah, no ! those rain-drops twinkling on the buds
 Bring only visions of the salt sea-showers.
 "The sea !" the linnets pipe from hedge and heath,
 "The sea !" the honeysuckles whisper and breathe ;
 And tumbling waves, where those wild-roses wreath,
 Murmur from inland bowers.

These winds so soft to others—how they burn !
 The mavis sings with gurgle and ripple and plash,
 To thee yon swallow seems a wheeling tern ;
 And when the rain recalls the briny lash,
 Old Ocean's kiss we love—oh, when thy sight
 Is mocked with Ocean's horses—manes of white,
 The long and shadowy flanks, the shoulders bright—
 Bright as the lightning's flash—

When all these scents of heather and brier and whin,
 All kindly breaths of land-shrub, flower, and vine,
 Recall the sea-scents, till thy feathered skin

Tingles in answer to a dream of brine—
 When thou, remembering there thy royal birth,
 Dost see between the bars a world of dearth,
 Is there a grief—a grief on all the earth—
 So heavy and dark as thine ?

But I can buy thy freedom—I (thank God !),
 Who loved thee more than albatross or gull—
 Loved thee, and loved the waves thy footsteps trod—
 Dreamed of thee when, becalmed, we lay a-hull—
 'Tis I, thy friend, who once, a child of six,
 To find where Mother Carey fed her chicks,
 Climbed up the boat and then with bramble sticks
 Tried all in vain to scull—

Thy friend who shared thy Paradise of Storm—
 The little dreamer of the cliffs and coves,
 Who knew thy mother, saw her shadowy form
 Behind the cloudy bastions where she moves,
 And heard her call : “ Come ! for the welkin thickens
 And tempests mutter and the lightning quickens ! ”
 Then, starting from his dream, would find the chickens
 Were daws or blue rock-doves—

Thy friend who owned another Paradise,
 Of calmer air, a floating isle of fruit,
 Where sang the Nereids on a breeze of spice,
 While Triton, from afar, would sound salute :
 There wast thou winging, though the skies were calm ;
 For marvellous strains as of the morning's shalm
 Were struck by ripples round that isle of palm
 Whose shores were Ocean's lute.

And now to see thee here, my king, my king,
 Far-glittering memories mirrored in those eyes,
 As if there shone within each iris-ring
 An orbèd world—ocean and hills and skies !—
 Those black wings ruffled whose triumphant sweep
 Conquered in sport !—yea, up the glimmering steep
 Of highest billow, down the deepest deep,
 Sported with victories !

To see thee here!—a coil of wilted weeds
 Beneath those feet that danced on diamond spray,
 Rider of sportive Ocean's reinless steeds,
 Winner in Mother Carey's Sabbath-fray
 When, stung by magic of the Witch's chant,
 They rise, each foamy-crested combatant—
 They rise and fall and leap and foam and gallop and pant
 Till albatross, sea-swallow, and cormorant
 Must flee like doves away.

And shalt thou ride no more where thou hast ridden,
 And feast no more in hyaline halls and caves,
 Master of Mother Carey's secrets hidden,
 Master and monarch of the wind and waves,
 Who never, save in stress of angriest blast,
 Asked ship for shelter—never till at last
 The foam-flakes hurled against the sloping mast
 Slashed thee like whirling glaives?

Right home to fields no seamew ever kenned,
 Where scarce the great sea-wanderer fares with thee,
 I come to take thee—nay, 'tis I, thy friend!
 Ah, tremble not—I come to set thee free;
 I come to tear this cage from off this wall,
 And take thee hence to that fierce festival
 Where billows march and winds are musical,
 Hymning the Victor Sea!

* * * * *

Yea, lift thine eyes to mine. Dost know me now?
 Thou'rt free! thou'rt free! Ah, surely a bird can smile!
 Dost know me, Petrel? Dost remember how
 I fed thee in the wake for many a mile,
 Whilst thou wouldest pat the waves, then, rising, take
 The morsel up and wheel about the wake?
 Thou'rt free, thou'rt free, but for thine own dear sake
 I keep thee caged awhile.

Away to sea! no matter where the coast:
 The road that turns for home turns never wrong;
 Where waves run high my bird will not be lost:
 His home I know: 'tis where the winds are strong—
 Where, on a throne of billows, rolling hoary
 And green and blue and splashed with sunny glory,

Far, far from shore—from farthest promontory—
 Prophetic Nature bares the secret of the story
 That holds the spheres in song !

[Percy, carrying the bird in the cage, turns to cross a rustic wooden bridge leading past Gipsy Dell, when he suddenly comes upon a landsman friend of his, a "Scholar-Gipsy," who is just parting from a lovely young gipsy-girl. He stands dazzled, for he recalls that she is the same gipsy girl whom he saw on Raxton Strand the day he went out to sea, a year before. He forgets the petrel. The bird pushes its way through the half-open door and flies away.]

[By kind permission of the Author.]

JUGGLING JERRY.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes
 By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.
 It's nigh my last above the daisies ;
 My next leaf'll be man's blank page.
 Yes, my old girl ! and it's no use crying :
 Juggler, constable, king, must bow.
 One that outjuggles all's been spying
 Long to have me, and he has me now.

We've travelled times to this old common ;
 Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.
 We've had a stirring life, old woman !
 You, and I, and the old grey horse.
 Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,
 Found us coming to their call ;
 Now they'll miss us at our stations :
 There's a Juggler outjuggles all !

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly !
 Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
 Easy to think that grieving's folly,
 When the hand's firm as driven stakes !
 Ay, when we're strong, and braced, and manful,
 Life's a sweet fiddle ; but we're a batch
 Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful :
 Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket :
 I was a lad not wide from here ;
 Couldn't I whip off the bale from the wicket ?
 Like an old world those days appear !
 Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatched ale-house—I know them !
 They are old friends of my halts, and seem,
 Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them :
 Juggling down hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual ;
 Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
 Holding one's own makes us juggle no little ;
 But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.
 You that are sneering at my profession,
 Haven't you juggled a vast amount ?
 There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
 Juggles more games than my sins'll count.

I've murdered insects with mock thunder :
 Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
 I've made bread from the bump of wonder :
 That's my business, and there's my tale.
 Fashion and rank all praised the professor ;
 Ay ! and I've had my smile from the Queen ;
 Bravo, Jerry ! she meant ; God bless her !
 Ain't this a sermon on that scene ?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
 Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
 Some are fine fellows ; some right scurvy ;
 Most a dash between the two.
 But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
 Think more kindly of the race ;
 And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
 When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal ;
 Honest we've lived since we've been one.
 Lord ! I could then jump like an eagle ;
 You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
 Birds in a May-bush we were ! right merry !
 All night we kiss'd, we juggled all day.
 Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry !
 Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us ;
 No, nor no doctor fetch for me ;
 I can die without my bolus ;
 Two of a trade, lass, never agree !
 Parson and Doctor !—don't they love rarely,
 Fighting the devil in other men's fields !
 Stand up yourself and match him fairly ;
 Then see how the rascal yields !

I, lass, have lived no gipsy flaunting
 Finery while his poor helpmate grubbs ;
 Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting ;
 You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
 Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
 Many a Marquis would hail you Cook !
 Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,
 But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper ! ripe ale winks in it ;
 Let's have comfort and be at peace.
 Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
 Cheer up ! the Lord must have His lease.
 May be—for none see in that black hollow—
 It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
 And, when the Great Juggler makes as to swallow.
 It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone !

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
 Gold-like and warm : it's the prime of May.
 Better than mortar, brick and putty
 Is God's house on a blowing day.
 Lean me more up the mound ; now I feel it :
 All the old heath-smells ! Ain't it strange ?
 There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
 But He's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
 Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
 Which, as the moon got up, were flying
 Down a big wave that sparkled and swelled.
 Crack, went a gun : one fell ; the second
 Wheeled round him twice, and was off for new luck ;
 There in the dark her white wing beckon'd—
 Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck !

[By kind permission of the Author.]

THE MOON-CHILD.

BY FIONA MACLEOD.

A little lonely child am I
That have not any soul ;
God made me as the homeless wave,
That has no goal.

A seal my father was, a seal
That once was man ;
My mother loved him though he was
'Neath mortal ban.

He took a wave and drownèd her,
She took a wave and lifted him :
And I was born where shadows are
In sea-depths dim.

All through the sunny blue-sweet hours
I swim and glide in waters green ;
Never by day the mournful shores
By me are seen.

But when the gloom is on the wave
A shell unto the shore I bring :
And then upon the rocks I sit
And plaintive sing.

I have no playmate but the tide
The seaweed loves with dark brown eyes ;
The night-waves have the stars for play,
For me but sighs.

[*By kind permission of Mrs. Sharp.*]

LINES FROM THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

GERONTIUS.

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death,
 And Thou art calling me ; I know it now.
 Not by the token of this faltering breath,
 This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,—
 (Jesu, have mercy ! Mary, pray for me !)
 'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
 (Be with me, Lord, in my extremity !)
 That I am going, that I am no more.
 'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
 (Lover of souls ! great God ! I look to Thee,)
 This emptying out of each constituent
 And natural force, by which I come to be.
 Pray for me, O my friends ; a visitant
 Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
 The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
 Has never, never come to me before ;
 'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers !—'tis he ! . . .
 As though my very being had given way,
 As though I was no more a substance now,
 And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
 (Help, loving Lord ! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou,)
 And turn no whither, but must needs decay
 And drop from out the universal frame
 Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
 That utter nothingness, of which I came :
 This is it that has come to pass in me ;
 O horror ! this it is, my dearest, this ;
 So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man ;
 And through such waning span
 Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
 Prepare to meet thy God.
 And while the storm of that bewilderment
 Is for a season spent,
 And, ere afresh the ruin on thee fall,
 Use well the interval.

I can no more ; for now it comes again,
 That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
 That masterful negation and collapse
 Of all that makes me man ; as though I bent
 Over the dizzy brink
 Of some sheer infinite descent ;
 Or worse, as though
 Down, down for ever I was falling through
 The solid framework of created things,
 And needs must sink and sink
 Into the vast abyss. And, crueler still,
 A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
 The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,
 Some bodily form of ill
 Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse
 Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps
 Its hideous wings,
 And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
 O Jesu, help ! pray for me, Mary, pray !
 Some angel, Jesu ! such as came to Thee
 In Thine own agony. . . .
 Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.
 Mary, pray for me.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

I went to sleep ; and now I am refreshed.
 A strange refreshment : for I feel in me
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is !
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse ;
 Nor does one moment differ from the next.
 I had a dream ; yes :—some one softly said
 “ He's gone ” ; and then a sigh went round the room.
 And then I surely heard a priestly voice
 Cry “ Subvenite ” ; and they knelt in prayer.
 I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low,
 And fainter and more faint the accents come,
 As at an ever-widening interval.
 Ah ! whence is this ? What is this severance ?
 This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very essence of my soul ;

And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead ? I am not dead,
But in the body still ; for I possess
A sort of confidence which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man ; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange ; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time ?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world ?

Another marvel ; some one has me fast
Within his ample palm ; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform

And gentle pressure tell me I am not
 Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
 And hark ! I hear a singing ; yet in a sooth
 I cannot of that music rightly say
 Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.
 Oh what a heart-subduing melody !

ANGEL.

My work is done,
 My task is o'er,
 And so I come,
 Taking it home,
 For the crown is won;
 Alleluia,
 For evermore.

My Father gave
 In charge to me
 This child of earth
 E'en from its birth,
 To serve and save,
 Alleluia,
 And saved is he.

This child of clay
 To me was given,
 To rear and train
 By sorrow and pain
 In the narrow way,
 Alleluia,
 From earth to heaven.

SOUL.

It is a member of that family
 Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,
 Millions of ages back, have stood around
 The throne of God :—he never has known sin ;
 But through those cycles all but infinite,
 Has had a strong and pure celestial life,
 And bore to gaze on th' unveiled face of God
 And drank from the eternal Font of truth,
 And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.
 Hark ! he begins again.

THE BARREL-ORGAN.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

THERE's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks low ;
 And the music's not immortal ; but the world has made it
 sweet
 And fulfilled it with the sunset glow ;
 And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
 That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light ;
 And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
 In the Symphony that rules the day and night.
 And now it's marching onward through the realms of old
 romance,
 And trolling out a fond familiar tune ;
 And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France,
 And now it's prattling softly to the moon ;
 And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore
 Of human joys and wonders and regrets ;
 To remember and to recompense the music evermore
 For what the cold machinery forgets. . . .

Yes ; as the music changes,
 Like a prismatic glass,
 It takes the light and ranges
 Through all the moods that pass ;
 Dissects the common carnival
 Of passions and regrets,
 And gives the world a glimpse of all
 The colours it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs
 Another sadder song ;
 And there *Il Trovatore* cries
 A tale of deeper wrong ;
 And bolder knights to battle go,
 With sword and shield and lance,
 Than ever here on earth below
 Have whirled into—a dance !—

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time ;
 Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)
 And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's
 wonderland.
 Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !),

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet perfume ;
 The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London !) ;
 And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of sky
 The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The nightingale is rather rare, and yet they say you'll hear him there,
 At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London !)
 The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo
 And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard
 At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London !) ;
 And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out
 You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorussing for London—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time ;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)
And you shall wander hand in hand with Love in summer's wonderland ;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !),

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden street.
 In the City as the sun sinks low ;
 And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet
 Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,
 And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never meet,
 Through the meadows of the sunset, through the poppies and the wheat,
 In the land where the dead dreams go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trovatore* did you dream
 Of the City when the sun sinks low ?
 Of the organ and the monkey and the many-coloured stream
 On the Piccadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem
 To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam
 As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme
 And pulses with the sunset-glow ?

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone

In the City as the sun sinks low ;
There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,
There's a clerk, and there's a butcher of a soft reposeful tone,
And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known.

They are crammed and jammed in busses and—they're each of them alone

In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a very modish woman, and her smile is very bland,
In the City as the sun sinks low ;

And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jewelled hand
Is clenched a little tighter and she cannot understand
What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered land ;
For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,

In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a rowing man that listens, and his heart is crying out

In the City as the sun sinks low,
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout,
For the minute-gun, the counting and the long dishevelled rout,

For the howl along the tow-path and a fate that's still in doubt,
For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about,
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a labourer that listens to the voices of the dead

In the City as the sun sinks low,
And his hand begins to tremble, and his face is rather red,
As he sees a loafer watching him and—there he turns his head
And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled,
For he hears her softly singing, and his lonely soul is led
Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an old and haggard demi-rep, it's ringing in her ears,

In the City as the sun sinks low,
With the wild and empty sorrow of the love that blights and sears ;

Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be sure, be sure she hears,
Hears and bears the bitter burden of the unforgotten years,
And her laugh's a little harsher and her eyes are brimmed with
For the land where the dead dreams go. [tears

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks low ;
 Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it sweet,
 Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet
 Mellows all the sooty City ! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
 Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
 In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
 What have you to say
 When you meet the garland girls
 Tripping on their way ?

All around my gala hat
 I wear a wreath of roses
 (A long and lonely year it is
 I've waited for the may !).
 If any one should ask you,
 The reason why I wear it is—
 My own love, my true love is coming home to-day.

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
 (*It's lilac-time in London ; it's lilac-time in London !*) ;
 Buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
 While the sky burns blue above :

On the other side of the street you'll find it shady
 (*It's lilac-time in London ; it's lilac-time in London !*) ;
 But buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
 And tell her she's your own true love.

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow ;
 And the music's not immortal ; but the world has made it
 sweet
 And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete
 In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning
 meet,
 As it dies into the sunset-glow ;
 And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain
 That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,
 And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
 In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,
 The song runs round again ;
 Once more it turns and ranges
 Through all its joys and pain :
 Dissects the common carnival
 Of passions and regrets ;
 And the wheeling word remembers all
 The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs
 Another sadder song ;
 Once more *Il Trovatore* cries
 A tale of deeper wrong ;
 Once more the knights to battle go
 With sword and shield and lance,
 Till once, once more, the shattered foe
 Has whirled into—a dance !—

Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time ;
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !),
And you shall wander hand in hand with Love in summer's
wonderland.

Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !).

[By kind permission of the Author.]

SHERWOOD.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake ?
 Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake ;
 Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
 Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again : all his merry thieves
 Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
 Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June :
 All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon ;
 Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
 Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
 With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold :
 For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
 Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs ;
 Love is in the greenwood ; dawn is in the skies ;
 And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark ! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep :
 Marian is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?
 Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
 Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
 Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
 And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
 With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose feather ;
 The dead are coming back again ; the years are rolled away
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows ;
 All the heart of England hid in every rose
 Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap—
 Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old,
 And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
 Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep—
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen,
 All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men ;
 Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the may
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day ;

Calls them and they answer : from aisles of oak and ash
 Rings the *Follow ! Follow !* and the boughs begin to crash ;
 The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly ;
 And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin ! Robin ! Robin ! All his merry thieves
 Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves :
 Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

AT DAWN.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

O HESPER-PHOSPHOR, far away,
 Shining, the first, the last white star,
 Hear'st thou the strange, the ghostly cry,
 That moan of an ancient agony
 From purple forest to golden sky
 Shivering over the breathless bay ?
 It is not the wind that wakes with the day ;
 For see, the gulls that wheel and call
 Beyond the tumbling white-topped bar,
 Catching the sun-dawn on their wings,
 Like snow-flakes or like rose-leaves fall,
 Flutter and fall in airy rings,
 And drift, like lilies ruffling into blossom
 Upon some golden lake's unwrinkled bosom.

Are not the forest's deep-lashed fringes wet
 With tears ? Is not the voice of all regret
 Breaking out of the dark earth's heart ?
 She too, she too has loved and lost ; and we—
 We that remember our lost Arcady,
 Have we not known, we, too,
 The primal greenwood's arch of blue,
 The radiant clouds at sunrise curled
 Around the brows of the golden world ;
 The marble temples, washed with dew,
 To which with rosy limbs aflame
 The violet-eyed Thalassian came,
 Came, pitiless, only to display
 How soon the youthful splendour dies away ;
 Came, only to depart
 Laughing across the grey-grown bitter sea ?
 For each man's life is earth's epitome,

And though the years bring more than aught they take,
 Yet might his heart and hers well break,
 Remembering how one prayer must still be vain,
 How one fair hope is dead,
 One passion quenched, one glory fled
 With those first loves that never come again.

How many years, how many generations,
 Have heard that sigh in the dawn,
 When the dark earth yearns to the unforgotten nations
 And the old loves withdrawn,
 Old loves, old lovers, wonderful and unnumbered
 As waves on the wine-dark sea,
 'Neath the tall white towers of Troy and the temples that
 slumbered
 In Thessaly ?

From the beautiful palaces, from the miraculous portals,
 The swift white feet are flown !
 They were taintless of dust, the proud, the peerless Immortals,
 As they sped to their loftier throne !
 Perchance they are there, earth dreams, on the shores of
 Hesper,
 Her rosy-bosomed Hours,
 Listening the wild fresh forest's enchanted whisper,
 Crowned with its new strange flowers ;
 Listening the great new ocean's triumphant thunder
 On the stainless unknown shore,
 While that perilous queen of the world's delight and wonder
 Comes white from the foam once more.

When the mists divide with the dawn o'er those glittering
 waters,
 Do they gaze over unoared seas—
 Naiad and nymph and the woodland's rose-crowned daughters,
 And the Oceanides ?
 Do they sing together, perchance, in that diamond splendour,
 That world of dawn and dew,
 With eyelids twitching to tears and with eyes grown tender
 The sweet old songs they knew—
 The songs of Greece ? Ah, with harp-strings mute do they
 falter
 As the earth like a small star pales ?
 When the heroes launch their ship by the smoking altar
 Does a memory lure their sails

Far, far away, do their hearts resume the story
 That never on earth was told,
 When all those urgent oars on the waste of glory
 Cast up its gold ?

*Are not the forest fringes wet
 With tears ? Is not the voice of all regret
 Breaking out of the dark earth's heart ?
 She too, she too, has loved and lost ; and though
 She turned last night in disdain
 Away from the sunset embers,
 From her soul she can never depart ;
 She can never depart from her pain.
 Vainly she strives to forget ;
 Beautiful in her woe,
 She awakes in the dawn and remembers.*

[By kind permission of the Author.]

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

" In our lands be Beeres and Lyons of dyvers colours as ye redd, grene, black, and white. And in our land be also Unicernes, and these Unicernes slee many Lyons. . . . Also there dare no man make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he sholde incontynent be sleyn."—*Mediaeval Epistle of Pope Prester John.*

I.

Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
 Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,
 And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
 With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through
 the dark !
 For his eye was growing mellow,
 Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
 As was time, since old Ulysses made him bellow in the dark !
Chorus. Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch
 in the dark !

II.

Were they mountains in the gloaming or the giant's ugly shoulders

Just beneath the rolling eyeball, with its bleared and vinous glow,

Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among the boulders
And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below,

Were they pines among the boulders
Or the hair upon his shoulders ?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know.

Chorus. We were simple singing seamen, so of course we couldn't know.

III.

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain

Not of water, but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire ;
And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain,

There stood a crystal palace for a sailor to admire ;

For a troop of ghosts came round us,

Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,

Then with grog they wellnigh drowned us to the depth of our desire !

Chorus. And 'twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can admire !

IV.

There was music all about us ; we were growing quite forgetful ;

We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London town,
Though the nectar that we swallowed seemed to vanish half regretful

As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles down,

When we saw a sudden figure,

Tall and black as any nigger,

Like the devil—only bigger—drawing near us with a frown !

Chorus. Like the devil—but much bigger—and he wore a golden crown !

V.

And " what's all this ? " he growls at us ! With dignity we chaunted,

" Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon ! "

" What ? Englishmen ? " he cries. " Well, if ye don't mind being haunted,

Faith, you're welcome to my palace ; I'm the famous Prester John !

Will ye walk into my palace ?

I don't bear 'ee any malice !

One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester John ! "

Chorus. So we walked into the palace and the halls of Prester John !

VI.

Now the door was one great diamond and the hall a hollow ruby—

Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay, bigger by a half !

And I sees the mate wi' mouth agape, a-staring like a booby,
And the skipper close behind him with his tongue out like
a calf !

Now the way to take it rightly
Was to walk along politely

Just as if you didn't notice—so I couldn't help but laugh !

Chorus. For they both forgot their manners and the crew
was bound to laugh !

VII.

But he took us through his palace and, my lads, as I'm a sinner,

We walked into an opal like a sunset-coloured cloud—
" My dining-room," he says, and, quick as light, we saw a dinner

Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd ;
And the skipper, swaying gently

After dinner, murmurs faintly,

" I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud ! "

Chorus. And we drank his health with honours, for he *done*
us very proud !

VIII.

Then he walks us to his garden where we sees a feathered demon

Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree !

" That's the Phoenix," whispers Prester, " which all eddi-cated seamen

Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee !

When his hundred years expire
 Then he'll set himself a-fire
 And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see ! ”
Chorus. With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to
 see !

IX.

Then he says : “ In yonder forest there's a little silver river
 And whosoever drinks of it, his youth shall never die !
 The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for ever
 With his music in the mountains and his magic on the sky
 While *your* hearts are growing colder,
 While your world is growing older,
 There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets
 the sky.”
Chorus. It shall call to singing seamen till the fount o' song
 is dry !

X.

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair defied
 us,—
 First a crimson leopard laughs at us most horrible to see,
 Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops
 and eyed us,
 While a red and yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree !
 We was trying to look thinner,
 Which was hard, because our dinner
 Must ha' made us very tempting to a cat o' high degree !
Chorus. Must ha' made us very tempting to the whole men-
 arjeree !

XI.

So we scuttled from that forest and across the poppy-meadows
 Where the awful shaggy horror brooded o'er us in the dark !
 And we pushes out from shore again, a-jumping at our
 shadows,
 And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque !
 And home again we plodded
 While the Polyphemus nodded
 With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow through
 the dark.
Chorus. Oh, the moon above the mountains, red and yellow
 through the dark !

XIII.

Across the seas of Wonderland to London-town we blundered,
 Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know
 If the visions that we saw was caused by—here again we pondered—

A tipple in a vision forty thousand years ago.
 Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed
 Make us *dream* of all that followed ?

We were only simple seamen, so of course we didn't know !
Chorus. We were simple singing seamen, so of course we could not know !

[By kind permission of the Author.]

ENOCH ARDEN—THE RETURN.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
 The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
 Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
 And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
 Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
 Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
 Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
 Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay :
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
 The silent water slipping from the hills,
 They sent a crew that landing burst away
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
 With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
 Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs
 They knew not what : and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ;
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard :
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,

Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it :
And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home ? had he a home ?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in grey ;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale glean'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me !"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone
Who kept it ; and his widow Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion : any one,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller : only when she closed
“Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,”
He, shaking his grey head pathetically,
Repeated muttering, “cast away and lost” ;
Again in deeper inward whispers “lost ! ”

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again ;
“ If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.” So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below ;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd :
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd ;
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot,

And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

“ Too hard to bear ! why did they take me thence ?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
 That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer ! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too ! must I not speak to these ?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never : No father's kiss for me—the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 “ Not to tell her, never to let her know.”

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. “ This miller's wife,”
 He said to Miriam, “ that you spoke about,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives ? ”
 “ Ay, ay, poor soul ” said Miriam, “ fear enow !
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort ; ” and he thought—
 “ After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time,” and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.

Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days ;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself :
 Yet since he did but labour for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live ; and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the grey skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking—"after I am gone,
 Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last."
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said,
 "Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead "
 "Dead," clamour'd the good woman, "hear him talk
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
 "Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the book."
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his grey eyes upon her,
 "Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ?"
 "Know him ?" she said, "I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street ;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her ;
 "His head is low, and no man cares for him.
 I think I have not three days more to live ;
 I am the man." At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
 "You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he was a foot
 Higher than you be." Enoch said again :
 "My God has bow'd me down to what I am ;

My grief and solitude have broken me ;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only, " See your bairns before you go !
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied :

" Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father ; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years.
And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :

It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail ! a sail !
I am saved ; " and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet :
Above her shook the starry lights :
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown :

Her open eyes desire the truth.
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears ;

 That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes !

YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist,
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
 And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
 That sober-suited Freedom chose,
 The land, where girt with friends or foes
 A man may speak the thing he will ;

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown,
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
 From precedent to precedent :

Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But by degrees to fulness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought
 Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
 Opinion, and induce a time
 When single thought is civil crime,
 And individual freedom mute ;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
 The name of Britain trebly great—
 Tho' every channel of the State
 Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
 Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,
 And I will see before I die
 The palms and temples of the South.

IN THE ROUND TOWER AT JHANSI.

JUNE 8, 1857.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A HUNDRED, a thousand to one ; even so ;
 Not a hope in the world remained :
 The swarming howling wretches below
 Gained and gained and gained.

Skene looked at his pale young wife.
 " Is the time come ? "—" The time is come."—
 Young, strong, and so full of life,
 The agony struck them dumb.

Close his arm about her now,
 Close her cheek to his,
 Close the pistol to her brow—
 God forgive them this !

" Will it hurt much ? "—" No, mine own .
 I wish I could bear the pang for both."—
 " I wish I could bear the pang alone :
 Courage, dear, I am not loth."—

Kiss and kiss : " It is not pain
 Thus to kiss and die.
 One kiss more."—" And yet one again."—
 " Good-bye,"—" Good-bye."

MAUDE CLARE.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

OUT of the church she followed them
 With a lofty step and mien :
 His bride was like a village maid,
 Maude Clare was like a queen.

“ Son Thomas,” his lady mother said,
 With smiles, almost with tears :
 “ May Nell and you but live as true
 As we have done for years ;

“ Your father thirty years ago
 Had just your tale to tell ;
 But he was not so pale as you,
 Nor I so pale as Nell.”

My lord was pale with inward strife,
 And Nell was pale with pride ;
 My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
 Or ever he kissed the bride.

“ Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
 Have brought my gift,” she said :
 “ To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
 To bless the marriage-bed.

“ Here’s my half of the golden chain
 You wore about your neck,
 That day we waded ankle-deep
 For lilies in the beck.

“ Here’s my half of the faded leaves
 We plucked from budding bough,
 With feet amongst the lily leaves,—
 The lilies are budding now.”

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
 He faltered in his place :
 “ Lady,” he said,—“ Maude Clare,” he said,—
 “ Maude Clare ” :—and hid his face.

She turned to Nell : “ My Lady Nell,
 I have a gift for you ;
 Though, were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
 Or, were it flowers, the dew.

“ Take my share of a fickle heart,
 Mine of a paltry love :
 Take it or leave it as you will,
 I wash my hands thereof.”

" And what you leave," said Nell, " I'll take,
 And what you spurn I'll wear ;
 For he's my lord for better and worse,
 And him I love, Maude Clare.

" Yea though you're taller by the head,
 More wise, and much more fair,
 I'll love him till he loves me best—
 Me best of all, Maude Clare."

TWILIGHT CALM.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

OH pleasant eventide !
 Clouds on the western side
 Grow grey and greyer, hiding the warm sun :
 The bees and birds, their happy labours done,
 Seek their close nests and bide.

Screened in the leafy wood
 The stock-doves sit and brood :
 The very squirrel leaps from bough to bough
 But lazily ; pauses ; and settles now
 Where once he stored his food.

One by one the flowers close,
 Lily and dewy rose
 Shutting their tender petals from the moon :
 The grasshoppers are still ; but not so soon
 Are still the noisy crows.

The dormouse squats and eats
 Choice little dainty bits
 Beneath the spreading roots of a broad lime ;
 Nibbling his fill he stops from time to time
 And listens where he sits.

From far the lowings come
 Of cattle driven home :
 From farther still the wind brings fitfully
 The vast continual murmur of the sea,
 Now loud, now almost dumb.

The gnats whirl in the air,
 The evening gnats ; and there
 The owl opes broad his eyes and wings to sail
 For prey ; the bat wakes ; and the shell-less snail
 Comes forth, clammy and bare.

Hark ! that's the nightingale,
 Telling the self-same tale
 Her song told when this ancient earth was young :
 So echoes answered when her song was sung
 In the first wooded vale.

We call it love and pain,
 The passion of her strain ;
 And yet we little understand or know :
 Why should it not be rather joy that so
 Throbs in each throbbing vein ?

In separate herds the deer
 Lie ; here the bucks, and here
 The does, and by its mother sleeps the fawn :
 Through all the hours of night until the dawn
 They sleep, forgetting fear.

The hare sleeps where it lies,
 With wary half-closed eyes ;
 The cock has ceased to crow, the hen to cluck :
 Only the fox is out, some heedless duck
 Or chicken to surprise.

Remote, each single star
 Comes out, till there they are
 All shining brightly : how the dews fall damp !
 While close at hand the glow-worm lights her lamp,
 Or twinkles from afar.

But evening now is done
 As much as if the sun
 Day-giving had arisen in the east :
 For night has come ; and the great calm has ceased,
 The quiet sands have run.

"NO, THANK YOU, JOHN."

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

I NEVER said I loved you, John ;
 Why will you tease me day by day,
 And wax a weariness to think upon
 With always "do" and "pray" ?

You know I never loved you, John ;
 No fault of mine made me your toast :
 Why will you haunt me with a face as wan
 As shows an hour-old ghost ?

I dare say Meg or Moll would take
 Pity upon you, if you'd ask :
 And pray don't remain single for my sake
 Who can't perform that task.

I have no heart ?—Perhaps I have not ;
 But then you're mad to take offence
 That I don't give you what I have not got :
 Use your own common sense.

Let bygones be bygones :
 Don't call me false, who owed not to be true :
 I'd rather answer "No" to fifty Johns
 Than answer "Yes" to you.

Let's mar our pleasant days no more,
 Song-birds of passage, days of youth :
 Catch at to-day, forget the days before ;
 I'll wink at your untruth.

Let us strike hands as hearty friends ;
 No more, no less ; and friendship's good :
 Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,
 And points not understood.

In open treaty. Rise above
 Quibbles and shuffling off and on.
 Here's friendship for you if you like ; but love,—
 No, thank you, John.

A ROYAL PRINCESS.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

I a Princess, king-descended, deckt with jewels, gilded, drest,
Would rather be a peasant with her baby at her breast,
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,
Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore ;
Me, poor dove that must not coo—eagle that must not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens grow
Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers in blow
That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,
Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair high to sit upon,
Almost like my father's chair which is an ivory throne ;
There I sit uplift and upright, there I sit alone.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end ;
My father and my mother give me treasures, search and spend—
O my father ! O my mother ! have you ne'er a friend ?

As I am a lofty princess, so my father is
A lofty king, accomplished in all kingly subtleties,
Holding in his strong right hand world-kingdoms' balances.

He has quarrelled with his neighbours, he has scourged his foes ;
Vassal counts and princes follow where his pennon goes,
Long-descended valiant lords whom the vulture knows.

On whose track the vulture swoops, when they ride in state
To break the strength of armies and topple down the great :
Each of these my courteous servant, none of these my mate.

My father counting up his strength sets down with equal pen
So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of men ;
These for slaughter, these for labour, with the how and when.

Some to work on roads, canals ; some to man his ships ;
Some to smart in mines beneath sharp overseers' whips ;
Some to trap fur-beasts in lands where utmost winter nips.

Once it came into my heart, and whelmed me like a flood,
That these too are men and women, human flesh and blood ;
Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden down
like mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music was not gay :
On my mother's graceful head I marked a thread of grey,
My father frowning at the fare seemed every dish to weigh.

~~I sat beside them sole princess in my exalted place,~~
My ladies and my gentlemen stood by me on the dais :
~~A mirror showed me I look old and haggard in the face ;~~

~~It showed me that my ladies all are fair to gaze upon,~~
Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret lore is
known ;
They laugh by day, they sleep by night ; ah me, what is a
throne ?

The singing men and women sang that night as usual,
The dancers danced in pairs and sets, but music had a fall,
A melancholy windy fall as at a funeral.

Amid the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept ;
My ladies loosed my golden chain ; meantime I could have
wept
To think of some in galling chains whether they waked or
slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on :
They burned sweet things for my delight, cedar and cinnamon,
They lit my shaded silver lamp, and left me there alone.

A day went by, a week went by. One day I heard it said :
“ Men are clamouring, women, children, clamouring to be fed ;
Men like famished dogs are howling in the streets for bread.”

So two whispered by my door, not thinking I could hear,
Vulgar naked truth, ungarnished for a royal ear ;
Fit for cooping in the background, not to stalk so near.

But I strained my utmost sense to catch this truth, and mark :
“ There are families out grazing, like cattle in the park.”
“ A pair of peasants must be saved, even if we build an ark.”

A merry jest, a merry laugh : each strolled upon his way ;
 One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day-by-day ;
 One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white-as cream-in-
 May.

Other footsteps followed softly with a weightier tramp ;
 Voices said : "Picked soldiers have been summoned from the
 camp,
 To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to howl and
 stamp."

"Howl and stamp ?" one answered : "They made free to
 hurl a stone
 At the minister's state coach, well aimed and stoutly thrown."
 "There's work then for the soldiers, for this rank crop must be
 mown."

"One I saw, a poor old fool with ashes on his head,
 Whimpering because a girl had snatched his crust of bread :
 Then he dropped ; when some one raised him, it turned out he
 was dead."

"After us the deluge," was retorted with a laugh :
 "If bread's the staff of life they must walk without a staff."
 "While I've a loaf they're welcome to my blessing and the
 chaff."

These passed. "The king": stand up. Said my father with
 a smile :
 "Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with you awhile ;
 She's sad to-day, and who but you her sadness can beguile ?"

He too left me. Shall I touch my harp now while I wait,—
 (I hear them doubling guard below before our palace gate)—
 Or shall I work the last gold stitch into my veil of state ;

Or shall my woman stand and read some unimpassioned
 scene,—
 There's music of a lulling sort in words that pause between ;
 Or shall she merely fan me while I wait here for the queen ?

Again I caught my father's voice in sharp word of command :
 "Charge ! "a clash of steel : "Charge again, the rebels stand.
 Smite and spare not, hand to hand ; smite and spare not,
 hand to hand."

There swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices waxing higher ;
 A flash of red reflected light lit the cathedral spire ;
 I heard a cry for faggots, then I heard a yell for fire.

“ Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake there with
 your bread,
 You who sat to see us starve,” one shrieking woman said :
 “ Sit on your throne and roast with your crown upon your
 head.”

Nay, this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth,
 I will take my fine spun gold, but not to sew therewith,
 I will take my gold and gems, and rainbow fan and wreath ;

With a ransom in my lap, a king’s ransom in my hand,
 I will go down to this people, will stand face to face, will stand
 Where they curse king, queen, and princess of this cursed land.

They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I have to give ;
 I, if I perish, perish ; they to-day shall eat and live ;
 I, if I perish, perish ; that’s the goal I half conceive :—

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart, and show
 The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life, to know.
 I, if I perish, perish : in the name of God I go.

JESSIE CAMERON.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

“ JESSIE, Jessie Cameron,
 Hear me but this once,” quoth he.
 “ Good luck go with you, neighbour’s son,
 But I’m no mate for you,” quoth she.
 Day was verging toward the night
 There beside the moaning sea :
 Dimness overtook the light
 There where the breakers be.
 “ O Jessie, Jessie Cameron,
 I have loved you long and true.”—
 “ Good luck go with you, neighbour’s son,
 But I’m no mate for you.”

She was a careless fearless girl,
 And made her answer plain,
 Outspoken she to earl or churl,
 Kindhearted in the main,
 But somewhat heedless with her tongue
 And apt at causing pain ;
 A mirthful maiden she and young,
 Most fair for bliss or bane.
 " Oh long ago I told you so,
 I tell you so to-day :
 Go you your way, and let me go
 Just my own free way."

The sea swept in with moan and foam,
 Quicken the stretch of sand ;
 They stood almost in sight of home ;
 He strove to take her hand.
 " Oh can't you take your answer then,
 And won't you understand ?
 For me you're not the man of men,
 I've other plans are planned,
 You're good for Madge, or good for Cis,
 Or good for Kate, may be :
 But what's to me the good of this
 While you're not good for me ? "

They stood together on the beach,
 They two alone,
 And louder waxed his urgent speech,
 His patience almost gone :
 " Oh say but one kind word to me,
 Jessie, Jessie Cameron."—
 " I'd be too proud to beg," quoth she,
 And pride was in her tone.
 And pride was in her lifted head,
 And in her angry eye,
 And in her foot, which might have fled,
 But would not fly.

Some say that he had gipsy blood,
 That in his heart was guile :
 Yet he had gone through fire and flood
 Only to win her smile.
 Some say his grandam was a witch,
 A black witch from beyond the Nile,

Who kept an image in a niche
 And talked with it the while.
 And by her hut far down the lane
 Some say they would not pass at night,
 Lest they should hear an unked strain
 Or see an unked sight.

Alas for Jessie Cameron !—
 The sea crept moaning, moaning nigher ;
 She should have hastened to begone,—
 The sea swept higher, breaking by her :—
 She should have hastened to her home
 While yet the west was flushed with fire,—
 But now her feet are in the foam,
 The sea-foam sweeping higher.
 O mother, linger at your door,
 And light your lamp to make it plain ;
 But Jessie she comes home no more,
 No more again.

They stood together on the strand,
 They only each by each ;
 Home, her home, was close at hand,
 Utterly out of reach.
 Her mother in the chimney nook
 Heard a startled sea-gull screech,
 But never turned her head to look
 Towards the darkening beach :
 Neighbours here and neighbours there
 Heard one scream, as if a bird
 Shrilly screaming cleft the air :—
 That was all they heard.

Jessie she comes home no more,
 Comes home never ;
 Her lover's step sounds at his door
 No more for ever.
 And boats may search upon the sea
 And search along the river,
 But none know where the bodies be ;
 Sea-winds that shiver,
 Sea-birds that breast the blast,
 Sea-waves swelling,
 Keep the secret first and last
 Of their dwelling.

Whether the tide so hemmed them round
 With its pitiless flow
 That when they would have gone they found
 No way to go ;
 Whether she scorned him to the last
 With words flung to and fro,
 Or clung to him when hope was past,
 None will ever know :
 Whether he helped or hindered her,
 Threw up his life or lost it well,
 The troubled sea for all its stir
 Finds no voice to tell.

Only watchers by the dying
 Have thought they heard one pray
 Wordless, urgent ; and replying
 One seem to say him nay :
 And watchers by the dead have heard
 A windy swell from miles away,
 With sobs and screams, but not a word
 Distinct for them to say :
 And watchers out at sea have caught
 Glimpse of a pale gleam here or there,
 Come and gone as quick as thought,
 Which might be hand or hair.

A NEW FOREST BALLAD.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

OH she tripped over Ocknell plain,
 And down by Bradley Water ;
 And the fairest maid on the forest side
 Was Jane, the keeper's daughter.

She went and went through the broad grey lawns
 As down the red sun sank,
 And chill as the scent of a new-made grave
 The mist smelt cold and dank.

“ A token, a token ! ” that fair maid cried,
 “ A token that bodes me sorrow ;
 For they that smell the grave by night
 Will see the corpse to-morrow.

" My own true love in Burley Walk
 Does hunt to-night, I fear ;
 And if he meet my father stern,
 His game may cost him dear.

" Ah, here's a curse on hare and grouse,
 A curse on hart and hind ;
 And a health to the squire in all England,
 Leaves never a head behind."

Her true love shot a mighty hart
 Among the standing rye,
 When on him leapt that keeper old
 From the fern where he did lie.

The forest laws were sharp and stern,
 The forest blood was keen ;
 They lashed together for life and death
 Beneath the hollies green.

The metal good and the walnut wood
 Did soon in flinders flee ;
 They tost the orts to south and north,
 And grappled knee to knee.

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
 They wrestled still and sore ;
 Beneath their feet the myrtle sweet
 Was stamped to mud and gore.

Ah, cold pale moon, thou cruel pale moon,
 That starest with never a frown
 On all the grim and the ghastly things
 That are wrought in thorpe and town :

And yet, cold pale moon, thou cruel pale moon,
 That night hadst never the grace
 To lighten two dying Christian men
 To see one another's face.

They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
 They wrestled sore and still,
 The fiend who blinds the eyes of men
 That night he had his will.

Like stags full spent, among the bent
 They dropped a while to rest ;
 When the young man drove his slaying knife
 Deep in the old man's breast.

The old man drove his gunstock down
 Upon the young man's head ;
 And side by side, by the water brown,
 Those yeomen twain lay dead.

They dug three graves in Lyndhurst yard ;
 They dug them side by side ;
 Two yeomen lie there, and a maiden fair
 A widow and never a bride.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

“ O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee ; ”
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
 And never home came she.

“ Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden's hair
 Above the nets at sea ?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea :
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee.

BALLAD.

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORRÈE.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I.

" ARE you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrèe ?

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree,
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, to keep him first, and win the run for me.

Barum, Barum," etc.

II.

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrèe,

" I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive with this baby on my knee ;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me ? "

III.

" Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

IV.

" That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine,
Lorrèe,

" That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons
three ;

But oh ! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see ! "

V.

She mastered young Vindictive—Oh ! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could
be ;

But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow-tree,
Oh ! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to
see,

And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrèe.

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PHIOMELA.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HARK ! ah, the Nightingale,
The tawny-throated !
Hark ! from that moonlit cedar what a burst !
What triumph ! hark—what pain !

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
The wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
 Say, will it never heal ?
And can this fragrant lawn,
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
 Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?
 Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame ?
 Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale ?
 Listen, Eugenia
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves !
 Again—thou hearest !
Eternal Passion !
Eternal Pain !

COUNT GISMOND.

AIX IN PROVENCE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

CHRIST God who savest man, save most
Of men Count Gismond who saved me !
Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
Chose time and place and company
To suit it ; when he struck at length
My honour, 'twas with all his strength.

II.

And doubtlessly, ere he could draw
All points to one, he must have schemed !
That miserable morning saw
Few half so happy as I seemed,
While being dressed in queen's array
To give our tourney prize away.

III.

I thought they loved me, did me grace
To please themselves ; 'twas all their deed
God makes, or fair or foul, our face ;
If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
A word, and straight the play had stopped.

IV.

They, too, so beauteous ! Each a queen
By virtue of her brow and breast ;
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head !

V.

But no : they let me laugh, and sing
My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle-stairs—

VI.

And come out on the morning troop
 Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,
 And called me queen, and made me stoop
 Under the canopy—(a streak
 That pierced it, of the outside sun,
 Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun)—

VII.

And they could let me take my state
 And foolish throne amid applause
 Of all come there to celebrate
 My queen's-day—Oh I think the cause
 Of much was, they forgot no crowd
 Makes up for parents in their shroud !

VIII.

However that be, all eyes were bent
 Upon me, when my cousins cast
 Theirs down, 'twas time I should present
 The victor's crown, but . . . there, 'twill last
 No long time . . . the old mist again
 Blinds me as then it did. How vain !

IX.

See ! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
 With his two boys ; I can proceed.
 Well, at that moment, who should stalk
 Forth boldly—to my face, indeed—
 But Gauthier ? and he thundered "Stay ! "
 And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say !

X.

Bring torches ! Wind the penance-sheet
 About her ! Let her shun the chaste,
 Or lay herself before their feet !
 Shall she, whose body I embraced
 A night long, queen it in the day ?
 For honour's sake no crowns, I say ! "

XI.

I ? What I answered ? As I live,
 I never fancied such a thing

As answer possible to give.

What says the body when they spring
Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
Strength on it ? No more says the soul.

XII.

Till out strode Gismond ; then I knew

That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,

I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan : who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end ?

XIII.

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat

Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote

In blood men's verdict there. North, south,
East, west, I looked. The lie was dead,
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

XIV.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed

The heart o' the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond unalloyed

By any doubt of the event :

God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part : I did.

XV.

Did I not watch him while he let

His armourer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret

The while ! His foot . . . my memory leaves
No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

XVI.

And e'en before the trumpet's sound

Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground :

Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
O' the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

XVII.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet
 And said, "Here die, but end thy breath
 In full confession, lest thou fleet

From my first, to God's second death !
 Say, hast thou lied ? " And, " I have lied
 To God and her," he said, and died.

XVIII.

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked
 —What safe my heart holds, though no word
 Could I repeat now, if I tasked
 My powers for ever, to a third
 Dear even as you are. Pass the rest
 Until I sank upon his breast.

XIX.

Over my head his arm he flung
 Against the world ; and scarce I felt
 His sword (that dripped by me and swung)
 A little shifted in its belt :
 For he began to say the while
 How south our home lay many a mile.

XX.

So, 'mid the shouting multitude
 We two walked forth to never more
 Return. My cousins have pursued
 Their life, untroubled as before
 I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
 God lighten ! May his soul find grace !

XXI.

Our elder boy has got the clear
 Great brow ; tho' when his brother's black
 Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond here ?
 And have you brought my tercel back ?
 I was just telling Adela
 How many birds it struck since May.

ABT VOGLER.

(AFTER HE HAS BEEN EXTEMPORIZING UPON THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF HIS INVENTION.)

BY ROBERT BROWNING

I.

WOULD that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
 Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
 Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon
 willed

Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,
 Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,
 Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep re-
 moved,—

Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,
 And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he
 loved !

II.

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,
 This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned
 to raise !

Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now
 combine,

Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise !
 And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
 Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
 Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
 Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

III.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent
 minion he was,

Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a
 crest,

Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
 Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest :
 For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
 When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
 Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
 Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul
 was in sight.

IV.

In sight ! Not half ! for it seemed, it was certain, to match
man's birth,

Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I ;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the
earth,

As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the
sky :

Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with
mine,

Not a point nor peak but found, but fixed its wandering star ;
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze : and they did not pale nor pine,
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near
nor far.

V.

Nay more ; for there wanted not who walked in the glare and
glow,

Presences plain in the place ; or, fresh from the Protoplasm,
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow,

Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at last ;
Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the body
and gone,

But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth
their new :

What never had been, was now ; what was, as it shall be anon ;

And what is,—shall I say, matched both ? for I was made
perfect too.

VI.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my
soul,

All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly
forth,

All through music and me ! For think, had I painted the
whole,

Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-
worth.

Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds
from cause,

Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told ;
It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
Painter and poet are proud, in the artist-list enrolled :—

VII.

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,
 Existent behind all laws : that made them, and, lo, they are !
 And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
 That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a
 star.

Consider it well : each tone of our scale in itself is nought ;
 It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said :
 Give it to me to use ! I mix it with two in my thought,
 And, there ! Ye have heard and seen : consider and bow
 the head !

VIII.

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared ;
 Gone ! and the good tears start, the praises that come too
 slow ;
 For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
 That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
 Never to be again ! But many more of the kind
 As good, nay, better perchance : is this your comfort to
 me ?
 To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
 To the same, same self, same love, same God : ay, what was,
 shall be.

IX.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name ?
 Builder and Maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands !
 What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same ?
 Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power
 expands ?
 There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall live as
 before ;
 The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;
 What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good
 more ;
 On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect round.

X.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist ;
 Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor
 power
 Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
 When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
 The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
 Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;
 Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it by and by.

xi.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
 For the fulness of the days ? Have we withered or agonized?
 Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue
 thence ?
 Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be
 prized ?
 Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
 Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe :
 But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear ;
 The rest may reason and welcome ; 'tis we musicians know.

xii.

Well, it is earth with me ; silence resumes her reign :
 I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
 Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
 Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor,—yes,
 And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
 Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep :
 Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place is
 found,
 The C Major of this life : so, now I will try to sleep.

THE DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I HAD a dream !—my spirit was unbound
 From the dark iron of its dungeon, clay,
 And rode the steeds of Time ;—my thoughts had sound,
 And spoke without a word,—I went away
 Among the buried ages, and did lay
 The pulses of my heart beneath the touch
 Of the rude minstrel Time, that he should play
 Thereon a melody which might seem such
 As musing spirits love—mournful, but not too much !

I had a dream—and there mine eyes did see
The shadows of past deeds like present things—
The sepulchres of Greece and Hespery,
Ægyptus, and old lands, gave up their kings,
Their prophets, saints, and minstrels, whose lute-strings
Keep a long echo—yea, the dead, white bones
Did stand up by the house whereto Death clings,
And dressed themselves in life, speaking of thrones,
And fame, and power, and beauty, in familiar tones !

I went back further still, for I beheld
What time the earth was one fair Paradise—
And over such bright meads the waters welled,
I wot the rainbow was content to rise
Upon the earth, when absent from the skies !
And there were tall trees that I never knew,
Whereon sate nameless birds in merry guise,
Folding their radiant wings, as the flowers do,
When summer nights send sleep down with the dew.

* * * * *

Anon there came a change—a terrible motion,
That made all living things grow pale and shake !
The dark Heavens bowed themselves unto the ocean,
Like a strong man in strife—Ocean did take
His flight across the mountains ; and the lake
Was lashed into a sea where the winds ride—
Earth was no more, for in her merrymake
She had forgot her God—Sin claimed his bride,
And with his vampire breath sucked out her life's fair tide !

Life went back to her nostrils, and she raised
Her spirit from the waters once again—
The lovely sights, on which I erst had gazed,
Were *not*—though she was beautiful as when
The Grecian called her “Beauty”—sinful men
Walked i' the track of the waters, and felt bold—
Yea, they looked up to Heaven in calm disdain,
As if no eye had seen its vault unfold
Darkness, and fear, and death !—as if a tale were told !

And ages fled away within my dream ;
And still Sin made the heart his dwelling-place,
Eclipsing Heaven from men ; but it would seem
That two or three dared commune face to face,

And speak of the soul's life, of hope, and grace—
 Anon there rose such sounds as angels breathe—
 For a God came to die, bringing down peace—
 “Pan was not ;” and the darkness that did wreath
 The earth, past from the soul—Life came by death !

* * * * *

THE LADY'S YES.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“YES !” I answered you last night ;
 “No !” this morning, sir, I say !
 Colours seen by candle-light
 Will not look the same by day.

When the labors played their best,
 Lamps above, and laughs below—
 Love me sounded like a jest,
 Fit for Yes or fit for No !

Call me false, or call me free—
 Vow, whatever light may shine,
 No man on thy face shall see
 Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both—
 Time to dance is not to woo—
 Woer light makes fickle troth—
 Scorn of me recoils on you !

Learn to win a lady's faith
 Nobly, as the thing is high ;
 Bravely, as for life and death—
 With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
 Point her to the starry skies,
 Guard her, by your truthful words,
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
 Ever true, as wives of yore—
 And her Yes, once said to you,
 SHALL be Yes for evermore.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

"So the dreams depart,
So the fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part."

WESTWOOD'S *Beads from a Rosary.*

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side, on the grass :
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow ;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,—
And the smile she softly useth
Fills the silence like a speech ;
While she thinks what shall be done,—
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
For her future within reach !

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds !
He shall love me without guile ;
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath,—
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death

“ And the steed, it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure,
And the mane shall swim the wind !
And the hoofs, along the sod,
Shall flash onward in a pleasure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

“ But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face !
He will say, ‘ O love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in ;
And I kneel here for thy grace.’

“ Then, ay, then, he shall kneel low,—
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,—
Till I answer, ‘ Rise, and go !
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.’

“ Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say ;
Nathless, maiden-brave, ‘ Farewell,’
I will utter and dissemble—
‘ Light to-morrow, with to-day.’

“ Then he will ride through the hills,
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong !
To make straight distorted wills,—
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

“ Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
‘ Lo ! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity’s counting !
What wilt thou exchange for it ? ’

“ And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—
And the second time a glove !
But the third time—I may bend

From my pride, and answer, ‘ Pardon—
If he comes to take my love.’

“ Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee !—
‘ I am a duke’s eldest son !
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee* !’

“ He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds !
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan’s nest among the reeds.”

Little Ellie, with her smile,
Not yet ended, rose up gaily.—
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,—
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the *two*.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding by the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops
Lo ! the wild swan had deserted—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow !
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not ! but I know
She could show him never—never,
That swan’s nest among the reeds !

THE ORCHARD LANDS OF LONG AGO.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE orchard lands of Long Ago !
O drowsy winds, awake, and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me,
And all the buds that used to be !

Blow back along the grassy ways
 Of truant feet, and lift the haze
 Of happy summer from the trees
 That trail their tresses in the seas
 Of grain that float and overflow
 The orchard lands of Long Ago !

Blow back the melody that slips
 In lazy laughter from the lips
 That marvel much if any kiss
 Is sweeter than the apple's is.
 Blow back the twitter of the birds—
 The lisp, the titter, and the words
 Of merriment that found the shine
 Of summertime a glorious wine
 That drenched the leaves that loved it so,
 In orchard lands of Long Ago !

O Memory ! alight and sing
 Where rosy-bellied pippins cling,
 And golden russets glint and gleam,
 As, in the old Arabian dream,
 The fruits of that enchanted tree
 The glad Aladdin robbed for me !
 And, drowsy winds, awake and fan
 My blood as when it over-ran
 A heart ripe as the apples grow
 In orchard lands of Long Ago !

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SONG.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear ;
 There is ever a something sings alway :
 There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
 And the song of the thrush when the skies are grey.
 The sunshine showers across the grain,
 And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree ;
 And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
 The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 Be the skies above or dark or fair,
 There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
 There is ever a song somewhere !

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 In the midnight black, or the midday blue ;
 The robin pipes when the sun is here,
 And the cricket chirrups the whole night through,
 The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
 And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere ;
 But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 Be the skies above or dark or fair,
 There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
 There is ever a song somewhere !

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 of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

" CURLY LOCKS."

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

*Curly Locks ! Curly Locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
 Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
 But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
 And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream.*

Curly Locks ! Curly Locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
 The throb of my heart is in every line,
 And the pulse of a passion as airy and glad
 In its musical beat as the little prince had !

Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine !
 O, I'll dapple thy hands with these kisses of mine
 Till the pink of the nail of each finger shall be
 As a little pet blush in full blossom for me.

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
 And thou shalt have fabric as fair as a dream,—
 The red of my veins, and the white of my love,
 And the gold of my joy for the braiding thereof.

And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream
 From a service of silver with jewels agleam,—
 At thy feet will I bide, at thy beck will I rise,
 And twinkle my soul in the night of thine eyes !

Curly Locks ! Curly Locks ! wilt thou be mine ?
 Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine,
 But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
 And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

[From "Rhymes of Childhood," Copyright 1900. Used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

NOTHIN' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say—
 Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way !
 Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me—
 Yit here *I* am, and here *you* air ; and yer mother—where is she ?

You looks lots like yer mother : Purty much same in size ;
 And about the same complected ; and favor about the eyes :
 Like her, too, about *livin'* here,—because *she* couldn't stay
 It'll 'most seem like you was dead—like her !—but I hain't
 got nothin' to say !

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name across the page—
 And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
 I've allus kep' 'em and gyuarded 'em, but ef yer goin' away—
 Nothin' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !

You don't rikollect her, I reckon ? No ; you wasn't a year old
 then !

And now yer—how old air you ? W'y, child, not "*twenty*" !
 When ?

And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile ? and you want to git married
 that day ?

. . . . I wisht yer mother was *livin'* !—but—I hain't got nothin'
 to say !

Twenty year ! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found !
 There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there—I'll bresh it off
 —turn round.

(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run away !)
 Nothin' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !

[From "Love Lyrics," Copyright 1905. Used by special permission
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THE KING OF THE WEST.

DEDICATED TO M. F. BISSET ESQ., MASTER OF DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CAPTAIN and leader, and lord of the herd,
Bold and alert when his mettle is stirred—
Lithe as a lion, and light as a bird,

Royal in crest,

Dashing the dew from his frontlet and head,
Pilloved on purple and russet and red,
Rises in state from his heathery bed,

The King of the West.

Stands for a second erect in his pride,
Listens before and behind and aside
To the tongue of the tufters that gallantly chide,

Staunch on the quest ;

While louder and deeper the challenge resounds,
Till it rings through the combe in a chorus of hounds,
And the music of death with its echo surrounds

The King of the West.

Like a storm-driven cloud, like a hawk on the wing,
Like a shaft from a bow, like a stone from a sling,
How he shoots over bracken and boulder and ling—

They may gallop their best !

But the horse and his rider shall labour and strain,
The rowel be reddened, and tightened the rein ;
And the staghound shall droop ere a furlong he gain

On the King of the West !

From acre to acre the moorland is spread,
And acre by acre fleets under his tread,
Untiring and swift, as he stretches ahead,

For life to contest,

By the ridge of the mountain, the copse on its side,
By tors where they glisten, and streams where they glide,
The swamp that can swallow, the wood that can hide

The King of the West.

For the yell of their war-cry is borne on the wind,
And the ruthless pursuers are raging behind :

He must scour his dominions a refuge to find—

Nor fail in the test,

Though before him the bounds of his monarchy lie,
 Where the blue of the sea meets the blue of the sky,
 And above him the raven is hungering on high—
 For the King of the West.

Where a rent in the precipice yawns on the deep,
 Unfaltering—undaunted—he makes for the steep ;
 With antlers flung back gathers breath for the leap,
 To extremity pressed ;
 And launched from the brink of it, fenceless and bare,
 The fate of each element eager to dare,
 He cleaves through the wave, as he clove through the air,
 This King of the West.

Low down on the waters the sunset hath spread,
 From sky-line to shingle a pathway of red,
 Like a curtain of blood, to close over his head,
 Where he sinks to his rest.

Pursuit and pursuers, outpaced and surpassed,
 And about him a mantle of royalty cast,
 He dies, undefeated, and game to the last—

The King of the West.

[By special permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd.]

“ RIDING THROUGH THE BROOM.”

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

THERE’S music in the gallery,
 There’s dancing in the hall,
 And the girl I love is moving
 Like a goddess through the ball.
 Amongst a score of rivals
 You’re the fairest in the room,
 But I like you better, Marion,
 Marion, Marion,
 I like you better, Marion,
 Riding through the broom.

It was but yester morning,
 The vision haunts me still,
 That we looked across the valley,
 As our horses rose the hill.
 And I bade you read my riddle,
 And I waited for my doom,

While the spell was on us, Marion,
 Marion, Marion,
 The spell was on us, Marion,
 Riding through the broom.

The wild bird caroled freely,
 The may was dropping dew,
 The day was like a day from heaven,
 From heaven, because of you ;
 And on my heart there broke a light,
 Dispelling weeks of gloom,
 While I whispered to you, Marion,
 Marion, Marion,
 While I whispered to you, Marion,
 Riding through the broom.

“ What is freer than the wild bird ?
 What is sweeter than the may ?
 What is fresher than the morning,
 And brighter than the day ? ”
 In your eye came deeper lustre,
 On your cheek a softer bloom,
 And I think you guessed it, Marion,
 Marion, Marion,
 I think you guessed it, Marion,
 Riding through the broom.

And now they flutter round you,
 These insects of an hour,
 And I must stand aloof and wait,
 And watch my cherished flower ;
 I glory in her triumphs,
 And I grudge not her perfume,
 But I love you best, my Marion,
 Marion, Marion,
 I love you best, my Marion,
 Riding through the broom.

[By special permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd.]

THE CRICKET BALL SINGS.

BY E. V. LUCAS.

LEATHER—the heart o’ me, leather—the rind o’ me,
 Oh but the soul of me’s other than that !
 Else, should I thrill as I do so exultingly,
 Climbing the air from the thick o’ the bat

Leather—the heart o' me : ay, but in verity
 Kindred I claim with the sun in the sky.
 Heroes bow all to the little red ball,
 And bow to my brother ball blazing on high.

Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
 Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine ;
 Fill them with gladness and might, good Sun,
 Touch them with glory, O Brother of mine,
 Brother of mine,
 Brother of mine !

We are the lords of them, Brother and Mate,
 I but a little ball, thou but a Great !

Give me the bowler whose fingers embracing me
 Tingle and throb with the joy of the game,
 One who can laugh at a smack to the boundary,
 Single of purpose and steady of aim.
 That is the man for me ; striving in sympathy,
 Ours is a fellowship sure to prevail.
 Willow must fall in the end to the ball—
 See, like a tiger I leap for the bail.

Give me the fieldsman whose eyes never stray from me
 Eager to clutch me, a roebuck in pace :
 Perish the unalert, perish the " buttery,"
 Perish the laggard I strip in the race.
 Grand is the ecstasy soaring triumphantly,
 Holding the gaze of the meadow is grand,
 Grandest of all to the soul of the ball
 Is the finishing grip of the honest brown hand.

Give me the batsman who squanders his force on me
 Crowding the strength of his soul in a stroke ;
 Perish the muff and the little tin Shrewsbury,
 Meanly contented to potter and poke.
 He who would pleasure me, he must do doughtily,—
 Bruises and buffetings stir me like wine.
 Giants, come all, do your worst with the ball,
 Sooner or later you're mine, sirs, you're mine.

Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
 Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine,
 Fill them with gladness and might, good Sun,
 Touch them with glory, O Brother of mine ;

Brother of mine,
Brother of mine !

We are the lords of them, Brother and Mate,
I but a little ball, thou but a Great.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

CARCASSONNE.

(WRITTEN FOR RECITATION)

Adapted from a song by Gustave Nadaud.

BY CLIFFORD HARRISON.

THE lovely valley of the Aude leads down
To Carcassonne, an ancient Roman town.
Far off, above the nearer hills, one sees
The ridges of the Eastern Pyrenees.
Some half-way up the valley stands Limoux.
The only thing that once would hurry through
The village was the stream that gave its name
Unto the vale. The summers went and came ;
The seasons changed : but other change was none.
It lived its own life. Till ten years agone
The busy world stopped short at Carcassonne.

And in this quiet nook of southern France,
With days that knew small touch of variance,
A peasant lived who never once had been
More than a few short miles away, nor seen
A larger place than this Limoux. To him
The outside world was mythical and dim.
Toulouse—and Paris—and Bordeaux—and Rome,—
Ah, yes : they all were there :—but this was home.
One place he longed to see, and only one :—
He'd meant to go, and yet had never gone :—
It was the city yonder—Carcassonne.

He said, " I'm growing old. Nigh seventy year
I've lived my life, and worked the months round, here.
And yet—I doubt not wisely—God has willed
My fondest wish should never be fulfilled :—
A wish that I have fostered since a lad,
The one desire that I have always had.
But now I know—we learn it often thus

In disappointments that are sore to us,—
 There's perfect happiness on earth for none.
 I shall not have my wish fulfilled for one :
 No, I shall never go to Carcassonne.

“One sees the town upon a clear, fine day
 Beyond the mountains yonder, far away.
 To reach it you must go across the plain :
 'Tis five leagues there, and five leagues back again.
 They say the road's a good one ; and I've known
 Folks who have gone there, all the way, alone.
 Ah ! if the vintage were but good this year !—
 The grapes will not turn yellow yet, I fear—
 But if the sun had only brightly shone
 Prosp'rous the year had been for every one ;
 And so I might have gone to Carcassonne.

“They tell me that each day, week in, week out,
 A week of Sundays, every day, no doubt,
 One sees crowds always going up and down,
 Hither and thither all about the town.
 And on the promenades and terraces,
 Smart dresses, music, everything you please !
 Nay : you may even see, at one time, there
 A bishop, and two generals ! you stare !—
 'Tis true. A castle too—a mighty one !
 Huge as the palaces of Babylon !
 Think of it, sir !—and all in Carcassonne !

“The Curate he was right, that I confess :
 He spoke the very truth and nothing less.—
 'We look too high, we want too much,' said he—
 A sermon to remember,—for, you see
 How often thus by our desires we fall :
 Ambition, O my friends ! destroys us all.'
 Quite true. But, all the same, if we should get
 A few nice days of pleasant weather yet,—
 Say two or three,—before October's gone,—
Mon Dieu ! I then would say Thy will be done !—
 I still might get as far as Carcassonne.

“Ah, God forgive me, if my prayer be wrong !
 One always wants too much, no doubt, as long
 As life remains. Ambition ?—yes—it's true.
 But still I'm sure it must have fall'n to you

To see some men get what they want, yet be
 No whit the worse :—well now, that puzzles me.
 My godchild—she is married now—has seen
 Perpignan—yes, sir : and my wife has been,
 With our son François—not to go alone,—
 As far (you'll scarce believe it !) as Narbonne !
 But I—I've never been to Carcassonne.

“ Is it a foolish and a sinful thing,
 This wish ? Peace and contentment age doth bring
 In much—I have my work when I am strong ;
 I get to church ; and, when the days are long,
 I do my bit of gardening. ’Twould be wrong
 To say that there is much that I regret.
 No : still I’m bound to say there lingers yet
 That one wish of my boyhood—that alone.
 I’m sorry. But it’s true I have that one.
 Yes, I should like before my life is done—
 I should so like to go to Carcassonne.”

“ Cheer up, old friend, for go you shall ! ” I cried.
 “ Ay, and we’ll go together, side by side.
 We’ll go to-morrow if the day is fine.”
 And in a brimming glass of good white wine
 We pledge good luck to the auspicious day.
 We started. All the world was bright and gay.
 The village all came forth to see us start.
 We sat beneath the awning in the cart.
 And as we passed along a sweet smile shone
 Upon his face, as he, to every one
 We met, cried out, “ I go to Carcassonne ! ”

Down through the valley, and across the plain ;
 Over the Aude, made hoarse with autumn rain ;
 Past dusty thickets where the crickets sing ;
 And vintage walls where fruit was ripening ;
 Through busy little towns and villages,
 Where folks were sitting underneath the trees ;
 We drove. The diligence went past anon.
 A cart with oxen yoked came slowly on.
 And then, just where the cross roads meet in one,
 We saw the sign-post. Half the way was done.
 I pointed out the words—“ To Carcassonne.”

But ah ! may Heaven forgive us all, say I,
 For, as we halted in some shade near by,

I turned, I say, to point the sign-post out.
 He had been silent for some time. A doubt
 Struck on me. "Are you tired, old friend?" I said.
 He answered not. I touched him.—He was dead.
 Bells on the harness jingled. Far away,
 The great plains sleeping in the sunshine lay.
 The road, a long white line, before us shone.
 A clock struck noontide. Half the way was done.
 But he—he never went to Carcassonne.

Limoux is changed. Since then its quiet ways
 Have heard the roar and scream that nowadays
 Alters for good or ill all places such
 As this. And Carcassonne—changed too? In much,
 No doubt: but not that Carcassonne he sought.
 Changing for all, it still is changed in nought:
 For it is built upon enchanted ground.
 Ah! who has seen it? was it ever found?
 Think not this peasant only, he alone,
 Dreamt of this place: 'tis nigh to every one.
 For all the world there is a Carcassonne.

[By special permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

THE SIGNALMAN.

BY CLIFFORD HARRISON.

AT a level crossing far down the line,
 Stood a signal-box with its points and sign.
 White wooden gates railed off the road,
 Save when carts went by with market load;
 Or some one drove to the little town
 That stood at the bend of the far-off down;
 Or the labourers passed; or, night and morn,
 The postman came with sound of horn.
 The lamps burnt steadily all night,
 Giving their silent speech of light.
 Each shining green or crimson spark
 Sent out some message through the dark.
 And when the trains went past, by day,
 The signals would change; and, far away,
 The answering signs would fall or rise,
 And the trains would whistle their shrill replies.

Hard by—in its strip of garden ground—
Stood the pointsman's cottage. All around,
In marshy flats and meadows wide,
The country stretched on every side.
There pollards marked the river-brink ;
And cattle, lowing, trooped to drink,
A line of aspens in the west ;
A windmill ; here and there, a nest
Of red-roofed, moated farms ; great beds
Of water-reeds with plumy heads ;
Straight roads, with dykes on either hand ;
And miles on miles of pasture-land ;
These gave the place its character.
A land where little seemed to stir !
Dreary, when skies were dull and grey ;
But on a quiet, sunny day,
When the far distance melts away,
Having a beauty all its own :
A noble beauty that alone
The sea can rival or come near,
Of light and space and atmosphere.
Even the trains that onward tore,
With rattle and rumble and rush and roar,
Could not break up the peace serene
Of this sweet, pastoral English scene.

Here lived the signalman. His post
Demanded care and trust, almost
As great as any man alive
Could well be called upon to give,
The man is worth a passing gaze :
A hero in his humble ways.
His face is bronzed with tropic clime,
In India he had served his time
In some line-regiment. Now had come
To this spot :—pleased to find a home
Near to the place where, years before,
He met the girl to whom he swore
His faith : who, to the Indian shore
Followed her soldier-husband : there
To die—and leave, as token fair
Of love, one child—a girl. This child
Tamed in him all that once was wild.
She grew for him the life of life ;
Centering his love for child and wife.

She now was barely four years old :
 Rosy cheeks and hair of gold,
 Eyes that held the sky's blue rays,
 Dimpled limbs and winsome ways,
 Make her such a thing of light,
 You seemed the better for the sight,
 And everything he did or sought
 Was hers, and looked to her, in thought.

See him now, one summer's evening,
 In the garden, hard at toil ;
 Plucking weeds from 'mongst the blossoms,
 Breaking up the sun-dried soil.

Hear him whistle, happy-hearted :
 Now, a moment, see him stand,
 While the child's soft little fingers
 Clasp his strong and tawny hand.
 Sweet ! how sweet it is ! and peaceful !

From the golden meadow-land
 Comes the laugh of schoolboys, bathing ;
 Broad, the sun hangs in the west ;

Thrushes sing on leafy copses ;
 Rooks fly, cawing, home to rest.
 With a childish laugh of gladness,
 Turns the little maid away ;
 Seeing some new flower to gather,
 Or some fresh device for play.

Then he stoops—and goes on working,
 Thinking of the days gone by :
 And his thoughts go fleeting eastward,
 And he sees the Indian sky.

Overhead the great bananas
 Stretch their palm-fronds, broad and flat—
 Now he hears the drum and bugle :—

Now he—listen ! what was that ?
 In the far, extremest distance,
 Sound like thunder, faint and low ;
 And he lifts his head and listens ;
 Then he puts down spade and hoe.
 The train is due—the down express.
 Do you not hear it ?—listen :—Yes.
 Like to the noise of muffled drums,
 Through the quiet air a faint pulse comes,
 There ! do you hear it ?—there again !
 At yonder junction another train

Must wait for this to pass. The sign
 That tells that other train the line
 Is blocked to it, or stand at "clear,"
 Is, by this pointsman, worked from here.
 So the fate of the train that onward comes,
 And of that which at the junction stands,
 Depends on the signalman turning the points :—
 Their hundred lives are in his hands.
 The gate that leads to the line is ajar—
 Strange ! for 'tis always his thought and care
 To keep it closed—so he makes it fast,
 And goes to the foot of the wooden stair.
 Hark ! the signal-bell's "ting, ting,"
 And the wires jerk and swing :—
 And nearer, nearer, nearer,
 And clearer, clearer, clearer,
 Comes the rattle and rumble and roar and shriek :
 And he goes to the points—when lo ! his cheek
 Is blanched as with sudden frost of death,
 And his eyeballs start, and he gasps for breath :—
 He cannot move—he cannot speak—
 He tries—but tries in vain—to shriek !
 All strength from limb and spirit fails,
 For he sees—his child—between the rails.
 Sleeping, she lies there, bright and fair,—
 Low on the ground shines her golden hair :—
 In his soul the conflicting storm grows wild,
 As the questions go up, with maddening cry :—
 Shall he do his duty ? or save his child ?
 What is his duty ? great Heaven, reply !
 And nearer, nearer, nearer,
 Clearer, clearer, clearer, clearer,
 With rattle and rumble and roar and scream,
 The train comes on like a terrible dream.
 It is rushing onward to certain doom,
 It is almost here. He sees it loom
 Through the mist in his eyes. In his hand is its fate,
 In another moment 'twill be too late.
 The soldier-instinct of former life
 Comes back in that moment of awful strife,
 Like a bugle-call duty speaks, clear and plain :
 He leaps to the signal : he seizes the rod :
 He turns the point : he saves the train :
 And trusts his child to God.

And not in vain was that heaven-born trust,
 For the train rushed by with fiery breath ;
 It faded away with its cloud of dust ;
 And then came a silence as of death.
 To open his eyes he did not dare,
 As, with hand on the rod, and teeth hard set,
 He stood like a statue, motionless, there,
 His pallid brow with anguish wet.
 When a child's laugh rang out, sweet and clear :
 And the one word " Father " fell on his ear.
 And he turned and looked : and there, behold,
 Shone the rosy face and the tresses of gold !
 The train had passed over the child as it sped,
 Nor injured a hair of its little head.
 And she ran to him, clapping her tiny palms,
 And, wondering, asked what it was, and smiled :
 And the strong man caught her up in his arms,
 And wept like a little child.

[By special permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.]

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

(1797.)

BY BRET HARTE.

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town :
 They peered from the decks of the ships that lay :
 The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
 Was never as cold or white as they.

" Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden !
 Run for your shallops, gather your men,
 Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear ! In the thick midday
 The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
 Filled with children in happy play,
 Parted its moorings, and drifted clear,—
 Drifted clear beyond the reach or call,—
 Thirteen children they were in all,—
 All adrift in the lower bay !

Said a hard-faced skipper, " God help us all !
 She will not float till the turning tide ! "

Said his wife, " My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."

And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each labouring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore :
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar ;
And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold grey stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That, when fogs are thick on the harbour reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail ;
For the signal they know will bring relief :
For the voices of children, still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts alway
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page ;
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

BY BRET HARTE.

Two low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said,
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence,
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped !

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
 Yet to the woman looking out,
 Watching and waiting, no serenade,
 Love song, or midnight roundelay
 Said what that whistle seemed to say :
 " To my trust true,
 So love to you !
 Working or waiting, good night ! " it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
 Old commuters along the line,
 Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
 Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
 Pierced through the shadows of Providence :
 " Nothing amiss—
 Nothing !—it is
 Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and winter the old refrain
 Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
 Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead :
 Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
 Like living coals from the engine spurned ;
 Sang as it flew :
 " To our trust true,
 First of all, duty. Good night ! " it said.

And then one night it was heard no more
 From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
 And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
 As they turned in their beds, " The engineer
 Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."

One only knew,
 To his trust true,
 Guild lay under his engine dead.

[*By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.*]

THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT.

BY C. STETSON GILMAN.

A Lighthouse keeper, with a loving heart
 Toiled at his service in the lonely tower,
 Keeping his giant lenses clear and bright,
 And feeding with pure oil the precious light
 Whose power to serve was as his own heart's power.

He loved his kind, and being set alone
 To help them by the means of his great light,
 He poured his whole heart's service into it
 And sent his love down the long beams that lit
 The waste of broken water in the night.

He loved his kind, and joyed to see the ships
 Come out of nowhere into his bright field,
 And glide by safely with their living men,
 Past him and out into the dark again,
 To other hands their freight of joy to yield.

His work was noble, and his work was done,
 He kept the ships in safety and was glad ;
 And yet, late coming with the light's supplies,
 They found the love no longer in his eyes—
 The keeper of the light had fallen mad.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
 And he inherits soft white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares :
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft white hands could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
 His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
 With sated heart, he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy-chair ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart
 A hardy frame, a harder spirit ;
 King of two hands he does his part
 In every useful toil and art ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
 Content that from employment springs,
 A heart that in his labour sings ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
 A patience learned of being poor.
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his door ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil
 That with all others level stands ;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten, soft white hands,—
 This is the best crop from thy lands ;
 A heritage, it seems to be,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great ;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last ;
 Both, children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast
 By record of a well-filled past ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

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THE COURTIN'.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur 'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
 An' peeked in thru' the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fire-place filled the room's one side
 With half a cord o' wood in—
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
 To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her,
 An' leetle flames danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's-arm thet Gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
 On sech a blessed cretur,
 A dogrose blushin' to a brook
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A i,
 Clear grit an' human natur' ;
 None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
 He'd squared 'em, danced 'em, driv 'em,
 Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
 All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
 - All crinkly like curled maple,
 The side she breshed felt full o' sun
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir ;
 My ! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some* !
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' *knowed* it tu,
 A-rasin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat.
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

" You want to see my Pa, I s'pose ? "
 " Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin' "—
 " To see my Ma ? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin' ;
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin ;"
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister :"
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenoory.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

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THE ROPEWALK.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

IN that building, long, and low,
 With its windows all a-row,
 Like the port-holes of a hulk,
 Human spiders spin and spin,
 Backward down their threads so thin
 Dropping each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door ;
 Squares of sunshine on the floor
 Light the long and dusky lane ;

And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
 All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
 Gleam the long threads in the sun ;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
 By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
 First before my vision pass ;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
 At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
 And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
 And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
 Drawing water from a well ;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
 As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
 While the rope coils round and round,
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
 Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
 Laughter and indecent mirth ;
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree ;
Breath of Christian charity,
 Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a schoolboy, with his kite
 Gleaming in a sky of light,
 And an eager, upward look ;
 Steeds pursued through lane and field ;
 Fowlers with their snares concealed ;
 And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
 Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
 Anchors dragged through faithless sand ;
 Sea-fog drifting overhead,
 And, with lessening line and lead,
 Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
 These, and many left untold,
 In that building long and low ;
 While the wheel goes round and round,
 With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
 And the spinners backward go.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
 On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five ;
 Hardly a man is now alive
 Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, " If the British march
 By land or sea from the town to-night,
 Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
 Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
 One if by land, and two if by sea ;
 And I on the opposite shore will be,
 Ready to ride and spread the alarm
 Through every Middlesex village and farm,
 For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, " Good-night ! " and with muffled oar
 Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
 Just as the moon rose over the bay,
 Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

The *Somerset*, British man-of-war ;
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
Then he climbed to the tower on the Old North Church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead :
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed in its flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was *twelve* by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Midford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was *one* by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weather-cock.
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was *two* by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,

And felt the breath of the morning breeze
 Blowing over the meadows brown.
 And one was safe and asleep in his bed
 Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead,
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
 How the British regulars fired and fled,—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
 From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.
 So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm,—
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo for evermore.
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past !
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

TRAMPLE ! trample ! went the roan, trap ! trap ! went the grey ;
 But pad ! *pad* ! PAD ! like a thing that was mad, my chestnut
 broke away.
 It was just five miles from Salisbury town, and but one hour to
 day.

Thud ! THUD ! came on the heavy roan, rap ! RAP ! the
 mettled grey ;
 But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare, that she showed
 them all the way.
 Spur on ! Spur on !—I doffed my hat, and wished them all
 good day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool—splintered through fence and rail ;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—I saw them droop and tail :
To Salisbury town—but a mile off down, once over this brook and rail.

Trap ! trap ! I heard their echoing hoofs, past the walls of mossy stone ;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace, but blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur, for I knew it was all my own.

But trample ! trample ! came their steeds, and I saw their wolf's eyes burn ;
I felt like a royal hart at bay, and made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may, and deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's swallow throat ; one blow, and he was down,
The second rogue fired twice and missed ; I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate, fast, fast, to Salisbury town.

Pad ! pad ! they came on the level sward, thud ! thud ! upon the sand ;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match, and a shaking of flag and hand :
But one long bound, and I passed the gate safe from the canting hand.

[By kind permission of Messrs Chatto & Windus.]

THE PROGRESS OF MADNESS.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

STAY, gaoler ! stay, and hear my woe !
He is not mad who kneels to thee ;
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was—and what should be !

I'll rave no more in proud despair—
 My language shall be mild, though sad,
 But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
 I am not mad ! I am not mad !

My tyrant foes have forged the tale,
 Which chains me in this dismal cell ;
 My fate unknown my friends bewail—
 Oh ! gaoler, haste that fate to tell !
 Oh ! haste my father's heart to cheer,
 His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
 To know, though chained a captive here,
 I am not mad ! I am not mad !

He smiles in scorn—he turns the key—
 He quits the grate—I knelt in vain !
 His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
 'Tis gone—and all is gloom again !
 Cold, bitter cold !—no warmth, no light !
 Life, all thy comforts once I had !
 Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
 Although not mad ! no, no—not mad !

'Tis sure some dream—some vision vain !
 What ! I—the child of rank and wealth—
 Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
 Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?
 Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
 Which never more my heart must glad,
 How aches my heart, how burns my head,
 But 'tis not mad ! it is not mad !

Hast thou, my child, forgot e'er this
 A parent's face, a parent's tongue ?
 I'll ne'er forget thy parting kiss,
 Nor round my neck how fast you clung !
 Nor how with me you sued to stay,
 Nor how that suit my foes forbade ;
 Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—
 They'll make me mad ! they'll make me mad !

Thy rosy lips how sweet they smiled !
 Thy mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !
 None ever saw a lovelier child !
 And art thou now for ever gone ?

And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ?
 I *will* be free !—Unbar the door !
 I am not mad ! I am not mad !

Oh, hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?
 His chain some furious madman breaks !
 He comes ! I see his glaring eyes !
 Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes !
 Help ! help !—he's gone !—O fearful woe,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see !
 My brain, my brain ! I know, I know
 I am not mad—but soon shall be !

Yes, soon ! for, lo now, while I speak,
 Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare !
 He sees me ! now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air !
 Horror ! the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad !
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends ! I feel the truth !
 Your task is done—I'm mad ! I'm mad !

“THE CHEAT OF CUPID ; OR, THE UNGENTLE
 GUEST.”

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

ONE silent night of late,
 When every creature rested,
 Came one unto my gate,
 And, knocking, me molested.

“Who's that,” I said, “beats there,
 And troubles thus the sleepy ?”
 “Cast off,” said he, “all fear,
 And let not locks thus keep ye.”

“For I a boy am, who
 By moonless nights have swerved ;
 And all with showers wet through,
 And e'en with cold half starved.”

I pitiful arose
 And soon a taper lighted ;
 And did myself unclose
 Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
 And wings too, which did shiver ;
 And looking down below,
 I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
 Brought him as Love professes,
 And chafed his hands with mine,
 And dried his drooping tresses.

But when he felt him warmed,
 "Let's try this bow of ours
 And string, if they be harmed,"
 Said he, "with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow be bent,
 And wedded string and arrow,
 And struck me, that it went
 Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew
 Away, and thus said flying,
 "Adieu, mine host, adieu,
 I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

SACRED MUSIC.

BY JOHN MILTON.

To our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row,
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow ;
 And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms,
 Sing everlastingly :

That we on earth with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason whilst they stood,
In first obedience and their state of good.
Oh, may we soon again renew that song
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light !

OUR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting
 And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home ;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
But he upholds the light, and whence it flows
 He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely nurse doth all she can

To make her foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

AT Haroun's court it chanced, upon a time,
 An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme :

"The new moon is a horse shoe, wrought of God,
 Wherewith the Sultan's stallion shall be shod."

On hearing this, His Highness smiled, and gave
 The man a gold-piece. *Sing again, O slave!*

Above his lute the happy singer bent,
 And turned another gracious compliment.

And, as before, the smiling sultan gave
 The man a sekkah. *Sing again, O slave!*

Again the verse came, fluent as a rill
 That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill.

The Sultan, listening, nodded as before ;
 Still gave the gold, and still demanded more.

The nimble fancy that had climbed so high,
 Grew weary with its climbing by and by.

Strange discords rose ; the sense went quite amiss ;
 The singer's rhymes refused to meet and kiss :

Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung,
 And twice he sang the song already sung.

The Sultan, furious, called a mute, and said,
O Musta, straightway whip me off his head !

Poets ! not in Arabia alone
 You get beheaded when your skill is gone.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

UNSUNG.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

As sweet as the breath that goes
 From the lips of the white rose,
 As weird as the elfin lights
 That glimmer of frosty nights,
 As wild as the winds that tear
 The curled red leaf in the air,
 Is the song I have never sung.

In slumber, a hundred times
 I have said the mystic rhymes,
 But ere I open my eyes
 This ghost of a poem flies ;
 Of the interfluent strains
 Not even a note remains :
 I know by my pulses' beat
 It was something wild and sweet,
 And my heart is strangely stirred
 By an unremembered word !

I strive, but I strive in vain
 To recall the lost refrain.
 On some miraculous day
 Perhaps it will come and stay ;
 In some unimagined spring
 I may find my voice, and sing
 The song I have never sung.

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WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

*When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
 Goes to the city Ispahan,
 Even before he gets so far
 As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
 At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
 The flower of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
 Orders a feast in his favourite room—
 Glittering squares of coloured ice,
 Sweetened with syrup, tinctured with spice,*

Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates,
 Syrian apples, Othmance quinces,
 Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
 And wines that are known to Eastern princes ;
 And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
 Of spiced meats and costliest fish,
 And all that the curious palate could wish,
 Pass in and out of the cedarn doors ;
 Scattered over mosaic floors
 Are anemones, myrtles, and violets,
 And a musical fountain throws its jets
 Of a hundred colours into the air.
 The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
 And stains with the henna-plant the tips
 Of her pointed nails, and bites her lips
 Till they bloom again ; but, alas, *that rose*
 Not for the Sultan buds and blows !
Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.

Then at a wave of her sunny hand
 The dancing-girls of Samarcand
 Glide in like shapes from fairy-land,
 Making a sudden mist in air
 Of fleecy veils and floating hair,
 And white arms lifted. Orient blood
 Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes.
 And there, in this Eastern Paradise,
 Filled with the breath of sandal-wood,
 And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
 Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
 Sipping the wines of Astrakhan ;
 And her Arab lover sits with her.
That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.

Now, when I see an extra light
 Flaming, flickering on the night
 From my neighbour's casement opposite,
 I know as well as I know to pray,
 I know as well as a tongue can say,
That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.

THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.

A BALLAD OF FRANCE.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

The Chevalier D'Assas, called the French Decius, fell nobly whilst reconnoitring a wood near Closterkamp by night. He had left his regiment, that of Auvergne, at a short distance, and was suddenly surrounded by an ambuscade of the enemy, who threatened him with instant death if he made the least sign of their vicinity. With their bayonets at his breast, he raised his voice, and called aloud, "A moi, Auvergne! ces sont les ennemis!" then fell, pierced with mortal blows.

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades
A soldier went by night ;
No moonbeam pierced the dusky glades,
No star shed guiding light.

Yet on his vigil's midnight round
The youth all cheerly passed ;
Unchecked by aught of boding sound
That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour ?
—In his far home, perchance ;
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
'Midst the gay vines of France :

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again
The rolling of the wide Garonne
Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush ! hark !—did stealing steps go by ?
Came not faint whispers near ?
No ! the wild wind hath many a sigh,
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again !—and from his hand,
What grasp hath wrenched the blade ?
—Oh, single 'midst a hostile band,
Young soldier ! thou'rt betrayed !

"Silence !" in under-tones they cry—
"No whisper—not a breath !
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh
Shall sentence thee to death."

Still, at the bayonet's point he stood,
And strong to meet the blow ;
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
"Arm, arm, Auvergne ! the foe ! "

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call—
He heard their tumults grow ;
And sent his dying voice through all
"Auvergne, Auvergne ! the foe ! "

PROMETHEUS DEFYING JUPITER.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Scene, a ravine of icy rocks in the Indian Caucasus. PROMETHEUS is discovered bound to the precipice. PANTHEA and IONE are seated by his feet. Time, night. During the scene morning slowly breaks.

Pro. MONARCH of Gods and Demons, and all Spirits
But One, who throng those bright and rolling worlds
Which Thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes ! regard this Earth,
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requistest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
And moments aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
Scorn and despair,—these are mine empire.
More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
From thine unenvied throne, O Mighty God !
Almighty, had I designed to share the shame
Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured ; without herb,
Insect, or beast, or shape, or sound of life.
Ah me ! alas, pain, pain, ever, for ever !

No change, no pause, no hope ! Yet I endure.
I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt ?

I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding sun,
Has it not seen ? The Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing Shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony ?
Ah me ! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever !

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones,
Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips
His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart, and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
Mocking me : and the Earthquake-fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
When the rocks split and close again behind :
While from their loud abysses howling throng
The genii of the storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail ;
And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-coloured east : for then they lead
The wingless crawling hours, one among whom
—As some Dark Forest hales the reluctant victim—
Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee,
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.
Disdain ! ah no ! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended thro' the wide Heaven !
How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,
Gape like a hell within ! I speak in grief,
Not exultation, for I hate no more,
As then ere misery made me wise. The curse
Once breathed on thee I would recall. Ye Mountains,
Whose many-voiced Echoes, through the mist
Of cataracts, flung the thunder of that spell !
Ye icy Springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost,
Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept
Shuddering thro' India ! Thou serenest Air,
Thro' which the Sun walks burning without beams !
And ye, swift Whirlwinds, who on poised wings
Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed abyss,
As thunder, louder than your own, made rock
The orb'd world ! If then my words had power,

Though I am changed so that aught evil wish
Is dead within ; although no memory be
Of what is hate, let them not lose it now !
What was that curse ? for ye all heard me speak.

THE DELUGE.

By B. W. PROCTOR.

MORN came : but that broad light which hung so long
In heaven forsook the showering firmament.
The clouds went floating on their fatal way.
Rivers had grown to seas : the great sea swollen,
Too mighty for its bound, broke on the land,
Roaring and rushing, and each flat and plain
Devoured. Upon the mountains now were seen
Gaunt men and women hungering with their babes,
Eyeing each other, or with marble looks
Measuring the space beneath swift-lessening.
At times a swimmer from some distant rock
Less high, came struggling with the waves, but sank
Back from the slippery soil. Pale mothers then
Wept without hope, and aged heads struck cold
By agues trembled like autumnal leaves ;
And infants moaned, and young boys shrieked with fear.
Stout men grew white with famine. Beautiful girls,
Whom once the day languished to look on, lay
On the wet earth, and wrung their drenched hair :
And fathers saw them there, dying, and stole
Their scanty fare, and, while they perished, thrived.
Then Terror died, and Grief, and proud Despair,
Rage, and Remorse, infinite Agony,
Love in its thousand shapes, weak and sublime,
Birth-strangled ; and strong Passion perished.
The young, the old, weak, wise, the bad, the good
Fell on their faces, struck,—whilst over them
Washed the wild waters, in their clamorous march.

Still fell the flooding rains. Great Ossa stood
Lone, like a peering Alp, when vapours shroud
Its sides, unshaken in the restless waves ;
But from the weltering deep Pelion arose
And shook his piny forehead at the clouds,
Moaning ; and crowned Olympus all his snows

Lost from his hundred heads, and shrank aghast.
 Day, Eve, Night, Morning came and passed away.
 No Sun was known to rise and none to set :
 'Stead of its glorious beams a sickly light
 Paled the broad East what time the day is born :
 At others a thick mass, vaporous and black,
 And firm like solid marble, roofed the sky,
 Yet gave no shelter.

—Still the ravenous wolf
 Howled, and wild foxes, and the household dog
 Grown wild, upon the mountains fought and fed
 Each on the other. The great eagle still
 In his home brooded, inaccessible,
 Or, when the gloomy morning seemed to break,
 Fleeted in silence on the shoreless seas.
 Still the quick snake unclasped its glittering eyes,
 Or shivering hung about the roots of pines ;
 And still all round the vultures flew and watched
 The tumbling waters thick with bird and beast ;
 Or, dashing in the midst their ravenous beaks,
 Plundered the screaming billows of their dead.

Beneath the headlong torrents towns and towers
 Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines ;
 And piles of marble, palace, and pyramid
 (Kings' homes or towering graves) in a breath were swept
 Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees
 Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks brute-crammed,
 Vast herds, and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts
 Bellowing, and vainly with the choking waves
 Struggling, were hurried out,—but none returned ;
 All on the altar of the giant Sea
 Offered, like twice ten thousand hecatombs,
 Whose blood allays the burning wrath of Gods.

Still fell the flooding rains. Still the Earth shrank ;
 And Ruin held her straight terrific way.
 Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder
 (Beast of fiery air) howled from his cloud,
 Exulting, towards the storm eclipsèd moon.
 Below, the ocean rose boiling and black,
 And flung its monstrous billows far and wide,
 Crumbling the mountain joints and summit hills ;
 Then its dark throat is bared, and rocky tusks,
 Where, with enormous waves on their broad backs,

The demons of the deep were raging loud ;
 And racked to hideous mirth or bitter scorn
 Hissed the Sea-angels ; and earth-buried broods
 Of Giants in their chains tossed to and fro,
 And the sea-lion and the whale were swung like atoms round
 and round.

Mankind was dead :
 And birds whose active wings once cut the air,
 And beasts that spurred the waters,—all were dead :
 And every reptile of the woods had died
 Which crawled or stung, and every curling worm :—
 The untamed tiger in his den, the mole
 In his dark home—were choked : the darting ounce,
 And the blind adder, and the stork fell down
 Dead, and the stifled mammoth, a vast bulk,
 Was washed far out among the populous foam :
 And there the serpent, which few hours ago
 Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,
 Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey.
 And now, all o'er the deep courses were strewn,
 Wide-floating millions, like the rubbish flung
 Forth when a plague prevails ; the rest, down sucked
 Sank, buried in the world-destroying seas.

GODIVA.

BY ROBERT R. BROUH.

GODIVA ! Not for countless tomes
 Of war's and kingcraft's leaden hist'ry,
 Would I thy charming legend lose,
 Or view it in the bloodless hues
 Of fabled myth or mystr'y.

Thou tiny pearl of Demagogues !
 Thou blue-eyed rebel—blushing traitor !
 Thou *sans-culotte*, with dimpled toes,
 Whose red cap is an op'ning rose—
 Thou trembling agitator.

We must believe in thee ! Our ranks
 Of champions loom with faces grimy,—
 Fierce Tylers from the anvil torn,
 Rough-chested Tells with palms of horn—
 Foul Cades from ditches slimy !

Knit brows, fierce eyes, and sunken cheeks
 Fill up the vista stern and shady ;
 Our one bright speck we cannot spare,
 Our regiment's sole *vivandière*—
 Our little dainty lady !

No, she was true ! the story old,
 As any crumbling Saxon castle,
 Firm at its base : she liv'd and moved
 And breath'd, and all around her lov'd—
 Lord, lackey, hound and vassal.

She lov'd Earl Leofric, her lord,
 Nor car'd with his fierce moods to wrestle,
 By protest more than eyelids red ;
 Would he but pat her golden head,
 'Twould in his rude breast nestle.

She lov'd the palfrey, o'er the plain
 That gallop'd to her voice's chirrup ;
 His surly grooms she thought were kind ;
 Noble and true she deem'd the hind
 Who, cringing, held her stirrup.

The peacocks on the lawn she lov'd—
 But none the less their homely grey mates.
 The kennel yelp'd as near she drew ;
 A crippled, ugly cur or two
 Were her especial playmates.

She lov'd all things beneath the sun.
 Into the toad's bright eyes, unstartled,
 She laughing gazed : within the brake
 She'd wonder—"had she hurt the snake
 That out upon her dartled !"

Into the peasant's tree-built hut,
 With reeking walls and greasy tables,
 She lov'd to run for draughts of milk,—
 The children maul'd her robe of silk,
 And pull'd to bits her sables.

They made her sad ! She lov'd them all—
 Each lout a friend—each drab a sister ;
 Why praise her beauty—goodness, so ?
 Why, when she left them, bow so low ?
 None of them ever kiss'd her !

Within the town 'twas worse than all,
 Where anvil clank'd, and furnace rumbled ;
 Three workmen starved and trampled, met,
 Thought, talk'd and planned—a churlish set,
 Embitter'd—no whit humbled.

They rail'd at her—their tyrant's bride,
 When, like a mouse, she peep'd among them ;
 They met her frighten'd smiles with " Go ! "
 Her bungling proffer'd love with " No ! "
 What had she done to wrong them ?

For wrong'd they were, she felt it sore—
 Else, whence such faces wan and gloomy ?
 In smoke and filth and discontent,
 Why thousands thus in alleys pent,
 And earth so rich and roomy ?

She could not tell ! But she would give
 Her soul the people's wrongs to lighten ;
 Or if she might not—in their smoke
 Would they but let her with them choke,
 Nor off with rude words frighten !

What could she do ? Dark rumours came
 That 'twas the Earl, her lord and master,
 Caused all their wrong. Alas, the day !
 She lov'd him, too—what means essay
 The double-fold disaster

To turn aside ? The moment came
 The town next tax'd moan'd fierce and sadly.
 " How free them from this task ? " said she,
 " *Ride naked through the town,*" laugh'd he.
 " I will," she answered, " gladly."

And gladly to her bow'r she fled,
 This more than virgin, gaily singing ;
 And stripp'd a form, that morn had blush'd
 All over, by a rude fly brush'd,
 Her garden-bath o'erwinging !

And gladly on her palfrey sprung,
 That quick the echoing stones awaked.
 " They will be free'd ! " she sang, " and he
 Shall know no harm ! "—rose-red went she,
 That she was proud—not naked !

She gallop'd through the glaring street—
 'Tis true as written gospel holy;
 'Tis also true, thank God ! that all
 The meanest mean—the smallest small—
 The vilest of the lowly

Kept within doors—save one alone :
 And here, I am, my faith gets weaker ;
 'Tis said a rascal from behind
 A shutter peep'd, and God struck blind
 The soulless prying sneaker.

I would not have a miracle
 Bring doubt upon my darling's story ;
 God does not thus avenge the true,
 But leaves their wrongs to me and you,
 To right them in their glory.

Punished the miscreant was no doubt,
 Indignantly with pump and gutter ;
 But he who, of enslav'd mankind
 The martyr pure, could mock—was blind
 Ere he undid the shutter !

THE CAPTAIN OF THE NORTHFLEET.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

So often is the proud deed done
 By men like this at Duty's call ;
 So many are the honours won
 By them, we cannot wear them all !

They make the heroic commonplace,
 And dying thus the natural way ;
 And yet our world-wide English race
 Feels nobler for that death to-day !

It stirs us with a sense of wings
 That strive to lift the earthiest soul ;
 It brings the thought that fathoms things
 To anchor fast where billows roll.

Love was so new, and life so sweet,
 But at the call he left the wine,
 And sprang full-statured to his feet,
 Responsive to the touch divine.

*“ Nay, dear, I cannot see you die.
 For me, I have my work to do
 Up here. Down to the boat. Good-bye,
 God bless you. I shall see it through.”*

We read, until the vision dims
 And drowns ; but, ere the pang be past,
 A tide of triumph overbrims
 And breaks with light from heaven at last.

Through all the blackness of that night
 A glory streams from out the gloom ;
 His steadfast spirit lifts the light
 That shines till Night is overcome.

The sea will do its worst, and life
 Be sobbed out in a bubbling breath ;
 But firmly in the coward strife
 There stands a man who has conquered Death !

A soul that masters wind and wave,
 And towers above a sinking deck ;
 A bridge across the gaping grave ;
 A rainbow rising o'er the wreck.

Others he saved ; he saved the name
 Unsullied that he gave his wife :
 And dying with so pure an aim,
 He had no need to save his life !

Lord ! how they shame the life we live,
 These sailors of our sea-girt isle,
 Who cheerily take what Thou mayst give,
 And go down with a heavenward smile !

The men who sow their lives to yield
 A glorious crop in lives to be :
 Who turn to England's harvest-field
 The unfruitful furrows of the sea.

With such a breed of men so brave,
The Old Land has not had her day ;
But long her strength, with crested wave,
Shall ride the Seas, the proud old way.

[From "My Lyrical Life," by kind permission of Miss Massey.]

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S LAST FIGHT.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

OUR second Richard Lion-Heart,
In days of great Queen Bess,
He did this deed, he played this part,
With true old nobleness ;
And wrath heroic that was nursed
To bear the fiercest battle-burst,
When maddened foes should wreak their worst.

Signalled the English admiral,
"Weigh or cut anchors." For
A Spanish fleet bore down, in all
The majesty of war,
Athwart our tack for many a mile,
As there we lay off Florez Isle,
With crews half sick, all tired of toil.

Eleven of our twelve ships escaped ;
Sir Richard stood alone !
Though they were Three-and-Fifty sail—
A hundred men to one—
The old Sea-Rover would not run,
So long as he had man or gun ;
But he could die when all was done.

"The devil's broken loose, my lads,
In shape of Popish Spain ;
And we must sink him in the sea,
Or hound him home again.
Now, you old Sea-dogs, show your paws !
Have at them tooth and nail and claws ! "
And then his long bright blade he draws.

The deck was cleared ; the boatswain blew ;
 The grim sea-lions stand,
 The death-fires lit in every eye,
 The burning match in hand.
 With mail of glorious intent
 All hearts were clad ; and in they went,
 A force that cut through where 'twas sent.

" Push home, my hardy pikemen,
 For we play a desperate part ;
 To-day, my gunners, let them feel
 The pulse of England's heart !
 They shall remember long that we
 Once lived ; and think how shamefully
 We shook them !—One to Fifty-three."

With face of one who cheerily goes
 To meet his doom that day,
 Sir Richard sprang upon his foes.
 The foremost gave him way :
 His round shot smashed them through and through,
 At every flash white splinters flew :
 And madder grew his fighting few.

They clasp the little ship *Revenge*,
 As in the arms of fire ;
 They run about her, six at once ;
 Hearts beat, hot guns leap higher.
 Through bloody gaps the boarders swarm,
 But still our English stay the storm,
 The bulwark in their breast is firm.

Ship after ship, like broken waves
 That wash up on a rock,
 Those mighty galleons fall back foiled,
 And shattered from the shock.
 With fire she answers all their blows ;
 Again, again in pieces strows
 The girdle round her as they close.

Through all that night the great white storm
 Of worlds in silence rolled ;
 Sirius with green-azure sparkle,
 Mars in ruddy gold.

Heaven looked with stillness terrible
Down on a fight most fierce and fell—
A sea transfigured into hell.

Some know not they are wounded till
'Tis slippery where they stand ;
Then each one tighter grips his steel,
As 'twere Salvation's hand.
Grim faces glow through lurid night
With sweat of spirit shining bright :
Only the dead on deck turn white.

At daybreak the flame-picture fades
In blackness and in blood ;
There, after fifteen hours of fight,
The unconquered Sea-King stood
Defying all the powers of Spain :
Fifteen Armadas hurled in vain,
And fifteen hundred foemen slain.

About that little bark *Revenge*,
The baffled Spaniards ride
At distance. Two of their good ships
Were sunken at her side ;
The rest lie round her in a ring,
As round the dying lion-king,
The dogs afraid of his death-spring.

Our pikes all broken, powder spent,
Sails, masts to shivers blown ;
And with her dead and wounded crew
The ship was going down !
Sir Richard's wounds were hot and deep.
Then cried he, with a proud, pale lip,
" Ho ! Master Gunner, sink the ship !

" Make ready now, my mariners,
To go aloft with me,
That nothing to the Spaniard
May remain a victory.
They cannot take us, nor we yield ;
So let us leave our battle-field,
Under the shelter of God's shield."

They had not heart to dare fulfil
 The stern commander's word :
 With swelling hearts, and welling eyes,
 They carried him aboard
 The Spaniard's ship ; and round him stand
 The warriors of his wasted band :
 Then said he, feeling death at hand,

" Here die I, Richard Grenville,
 With a joyful and quiet mind ;
 I reach a soldier's end, I leave
 A soldier's fame behind,
 Who for his queen and country fought,
 For honour and religion wrought,
 And died as a true soldier ought."

Earth never returned a worthier trust
 For hand of Heaven to take,
 Since Arthur's sword, excalibur,
 Was cast into the lake,
 And the King's grievous wounds were dressed,
 And healed, by weeping Queens, who blessed,
 And bore him to a valley of rest.

Old heroes who could grandly do,
 As they could greatly dare ;
 A vesture, very glorious,
 Their shining spirits wear,
 Of noble deeds ! God give us grace,
 That we may see such face to face,
 In our great day that comes apace.

[From "My Lyrical Life," by kind permission of Miss Massey.]

WHEN I WAS A KING IN BABYLON.

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

OR ever the knightly years were gone
 With the old world to the grave,
 I was a king in Babylon,
 And you were a Christian slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by,
 I bent and broke your pride.
 You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
 But your longing was denied.
 Surely I knew that by and by
 You cursed your gods and died.

And a myriad suns have set and shone
 Since then upon the grave,
 Decreed by the King in Babylon
 To her that had been his slave.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
 For it tramples me again.
 The old resentment lasts like death,
 For you love, yet you refrain.
 I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
 And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
 The deed beyond the grave,
 When I was a king in Babylon
 And you were a virgin slave.

[*By special permission of Mr. Nutt.*]

OLD BALLAD.

BY ROLAND PERTUIS.

THERE sang three gipsies round her door,
 And downstairs ran this lady O,
 For the song it told of the woodlands' gold
 And the life of the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

With that she cast her silken shoon
 And pulled on boots of leather O ;
 While the warden slept, through the gate she crept,
 And was off with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

'Twas late i' the night when her lord came home
 Calling aloud on his lady O.
 The thralls who stand on either hand
 Say, "Gone with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O."

" Then fetch me forth my fastest steed,
 Go, get me out my charger O,
 That I may ride and seek my bride
 Who's fled to the wraggle-taggle gypsies O."

Upon his stallion, ebon black,
 He burst into a gallop O,
 Through the darkness mute in a hot pursuit
 Of his bride and the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

He searched him high and he searched him low,
 On roads and brambly-commons O,
 Until he spied his new-wed bride
 In the camp of the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

Then up he spoke to his truant wife,
 " Say why did you leave your castle O,
 Or stray from the fold of your husband bold,
 To roam with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O."

She threw him back a gleaming glance,
 With the sun on her brown hair shining O.
 No whit afraid, she answer made
 In the midst of the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

" What care I for our marriage tie,
 Or what for the grey-walled castle O,
 And what for the fold of a husband cold ;
 I'm off with the wraggle-taggle gypsies O."

Then said her lord, " Now by my sword
 You're free your ways to wander O.
 I deemed my dame had a nobler aim
 Than the life of a wraggle-taggle gypsy O."

So he caught up his snaffle rein
 And swung into the saddle O,
 To speed from the side of a faithless bride
 And the sight of the wraggle-taggle gypsies O.

[Arranged for Recitation from an Old Somersetshire folk Song.]

ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE ;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea :
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE ;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes !—that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE :

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE ;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

TO LIBERTY.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not His by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest His,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates Nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours, than you.
He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or e'er the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;

And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less :
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain,
And that to bind him is a vain attempt
Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY LORD BYRON.

'TWAS twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep. Twelve days had Fear
Been their Familiar,—and now Death was here !

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell !
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die !

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ! and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven ;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow ;
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens : On, ye brave !
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

BY CAROLINE NORTON.

WORD was brought to the Danish king
 (Hurry !)
 That the love of his heart lay suffering,
 And pined for the comfort his voice would bring.
 (Oh, ride as though you were flying !)
 Better he loves each golden curl
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,
 Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl ;
 And his rose of the isles is dying !

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;
 (Hurry !)
 Each one mounting a gallant steed
 Which he kept for battle and days of need.
 (Oh, ride as though you were flying !)
 Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;
 Worn-out chargers straggered and sank ;
 Bridles were slackened and girths were burst,
 But, ride as they would, the king rode first,
 For his rose of the isles lay dying !

His nobles are beaten one by one ;
 (Hurry !)
 They have fainted and faltered and homeward gone ;
 His little fair page now follows alone,
 For strength and for courage trying !
 The king looked back at that faithful child ;
 Wan was the face that answering smiled ;
 They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
 Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in
 Where his rose of the isles lay dying !

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn ;
 (Silence !)
 No answer came, but faint and forlorn
 An echo returned on the cold, grey morn,
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
 The castle portal stood grimly wide—
 None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;
 For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
 The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check ;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck ;
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain—
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying ! "

THE DEATH-RACE.

BY R. S. HAWKER.

WATCH ye, and ward ye ! a ship in sight,
And bearing down for Trebarra¹ Height,
She folds her wings by that rocky strand :
Watch ye, and ward ye !² a boat on land !

Hush ! for they glide from yonder cave
To greet these strangers of the wave ;
Wait ! since they pace the seaward glen
With the measured tread of mourning men.

" Hold ! masters, hold ! ye tarry here,
What corpse is laid on your solemn bier ?
Yon minster-ground were a calmer grave
Than the roving bark, or the weedy wave ! "

" Strong vows we made to our sister dead
To hew in fair France her narrow bed ;
And her angry ghost will win no rest
If your Cornish earth lie on her breast."

¹ *Trebarra.*] Two strangers, with their followers-at-arms, arrived on a certain night at a village near Trebarra strand. A corpse, carried on a bier and covered with a pall, seemed the chief object of their care. One of these strangers remained by the body while the other watched the sea. At dawn, a ship appeared in sight, neared the shore, and sent off a boat. The strangers hastened to the beach, placed the corpse in the boat, embarked with it, and were never heard of more. This legend, a distorted account of an actual occurrence in the twelfth century, is still current in the neighbourhood of Trebarra, and was related to me there.

² *Watch ye, and ward ye.*] There are remains of many small buildings on this coast which the people call " Watch and Ward Towers," as they no doubt were when piracy was common on the coast, in the old times.

They rend that pall in the glaring light,
By St. Michael of Carne ! 'twas an awful sight !
For those folded hands were meekly laid
On the silent breast of a shrouded maid.

"God speed, my masters, your mournful way !
Go, bury your dead where best ye may !
But the Narroway barks are over the deep,
So we watch and ward from our guarded steep."

Who comes with weapon ? who comes with steed ?
Ye may hear far off their clanking speed ;
What knight in steel is thundering on ?
Ye may know the voice of the grim Sir John.

"Saw ye my daughter, my Gwennah bright,
Borne out for dead at the deep of night ?"
"Too late ! too late !" cried the warder pale,
"Lo ! the full deck, and the rushing sail !"

They have roused that maid from her trance of sleep,
They have spread their sails to the roaring deep ;
Watch ye, and ward ye ! with wind and tide,
Fitz-Walter hath won his Cornish bride.

IN A BATTERY.

CAPTAIN PEEL.

BY CANON RAWNSLEY.

DID you know our Captain Peel ?
Such a face to give command,
Full of thought, clear-chiselled, fair !
Such a wealth of wavy hair
O'er a forehead high and square !
Such broad shoulders ! but a hand
Like a woman's, and soft eyes
Bluest-grey as English skies,
Though they flamed and flashed like steel
When he made his swift replies ;
Such a brow to feel the rush
Of the heart's blood, with the blush
Of a girl ! but mouth firm-set ;
Peel, we never can forget,

Kind to man and kind to beast,
Loving greatest in the least,
Iron-willed, but tender sweet,
Gentle-hearted to the core ;
Peel, the darling of the fleet !
Peel, the hero of the shore !

Have you heard how Captain Peel,
Of the *Excellent* excelled
All excelling ? for his grace ?
How his gallantry upheld
The dear honour of our fleet,
Made the name of Captain sweet
For all sailor souls that feel ?
Have your hearts not beat to learn
How at sea in dirty weather,
In his cabin at the stern,
He heard the fateful cry
“ Lower boat, man overboard,”
Saw a man go flashing by,
Smite the waters, disappear,
And, well knowing the ship’s pace
By the furrow foaming free,
Never stayed to loose his sword,
Knew his duty plain and clear,
From the port-hole on the lee
Sprang right out into the sea,
Caught the drowning man, and cried,
“ Hold on fast ! whate’er betide
We will sink or swim together,
Man and captain side by side ? ”
And the crew were unaware,
Thought their captain sitting there
In his cabin ; came to tell
How the “ main-top ” seaman fell ;
But they little knew his care
For the drowner at his need,
Till the boat alongside came,
Then they felt their hearts aflame
For the daring and the deed !

Have they told you how he fought
On the bitter upland height,
Where the Russian gunners wrought
Hurt and havoc, day and night :

Where death mined and countermined
With the subtlety of hell,
And the wit of devil-kind,
And fierce sickness, more than shell,
Was the slayer in the fight ?

Have you heard how Peel was then
Hope and heart for all our men ?
How, a hero to the core
Through the nine long months he bore
Head erect, and never blenched,
While the sailors sapped and trenched,
And the bullets hailed around,
And the red shot ploughed the ground ;
How, where fiercest death-shower burst,
With his gabion ever first,
Eyes to see and mind to feel
For all round, was gallant Peel,
Swift to succour, sure to plan,
Heart and soul of every man,
Full in front of the Redan.

Have you heard how on a day,
When our battery blazed away
From its twenty-one gun-throats,
And the *Diamond* sent her boats
With fresh powder for the fray,
Through our parapet there came
A live shell with fuse aflame,
While our powder-boxes round
Lay all open on the ground ;
And we knew our end had come,
And we flung ourselves in fear
To the dust we soon should be,
Thought of God, and thought of home,
—England far across the sea,
Almost glad that death was near,
On our faces as we fell,
Seeing death should set u free
From the Russian shot and shell ?

But our gallant Capain Peel
Caught the monster in his hand,
Cool of head, and nerved like steel,
Heaved the bomb upon his chest,
Rolled it o'er the rampart crest,

And we heard his clear command,
 "To your guns, and do the rest,
 They have given us of their worst,
 Let us pay them with our best!"
 And beyond the earthwork's breast
 Lo, the forty pounder burst!

On the uplands grim and grey,
 Full in front of the Redan,
 Where our English life-blood ran
 Into purple Russian clay,
 Now the war-mounds melt away,
 And the walls are in decay,
 And the trenches on the hill,
 Once so loud, are hushed and still,
 And the blood in battle spilt
 Blooms to poppy, grows to wheat;
 But the battery we built
 And we called the "Koh-i-nor"
 For the *Diamond's* Captain, meet,
 Shall be honoured more and more,
 There the name of Peel is sweet,
 As it was in days of yore—
 Peel, the darling of the fleet!
 Peel, the hero of the shore!

NOTE.—"One day, he to my knowledge, although I did not see it, gave us a grand example. A shell weighing 42 pounds came through the parapet, and rolled into the centre of a small group of men who threw themselves flat on the ground, which would not, however, have saved those nearest, for there were several boxes of powder on the ground then being passed into the magazine.

"Peel, stooping down, lifted the shell, and resting it on his chest, carried it back to the parapet, and stepping on to the 'banquette,' rolled the shell over the superior crest, on which it immediately burst."

(Extract from "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," by General Sir Evelyn Wood, G.C.B., V.C.).—*Fortnightly Review, October, 1894.*

[Reprinted from "Ballads of Brave Deeds," by kind permission of the Author.]

AN INDIAN RAID.

A POEM FOR RECITATION.

BY E. F. METHLEY.

WE lived far away in the lonely West;
 Yes, right over there and beyond the crest
 Of the distant hills that you see from here,
 On a farm, and the Indian haunts were near.

Our house was a shanty of rough hewn wood,
And near it a cluster of maples stood ;
And round were the fields that my father cleared
In the days when the Indian raids were feared,
And men took their guns when they went to plough
And dared what you shudder to hear of now.
There were father and mother, the children and I,
Dick, Robin and Harry, and baby Guy.
They called me Maggie, and I was then
Just seventeen past, and the next was ten.
We had lived in peace nearly all my life,
But I knew I was cradled 'mid scenes of strife.
Though we never talked of those days of dread,
When my little twin brother was brought home dead,
With a merciful covering over his head.
'Twas the close of an Indian summer day,
The maples were red and the gold mist lay
Over forest and field, while the boys and I
Stood watching for father ; and baby Guy
Was sleeping within. "Why is mother sad ?"
Asked Dick. "She is frightened," said Robin, bold lad ;
"But I wish that the folk round about were right,
And the Indian braves were all coming to fight
In war-paint and feathers !" "Hush, hush," I cried,
For mother was standing at Robin's side,
Looking graver and sadder, although she sang
Her lullaby still. Hark ! A sudden clang
Of a horse's hoofs on the rough farm track !
It was father, but why was he galloping back ?
We rushed to the fence when we saw him ride,
He leaped the bars and we ran beside
Right back to the door where he stopped at last.
"Oh, daddy, do say why you rode so fast !"
"Oh, father, do tell us your news," we cried.
But poor little Harry crept close to my side,
Though father said nothing, his face was grim,
That Harry thought daddy was angry with him,
And mother had never a word to say,
But she led his poor travel-stained horse away.
Then father he beckoned us into the room
And he told us his tale in the gathering gloom.
"You guess at my news, wife, before I speak,
The Indians have risen beyond the creek.
The tidings were true that I thought a scare ;
They've danced their dances and plaited their hair,

They've vowed to burn and they've sworn to slay,
And they're coming in force to the farm to-day."
"Can't we escape, father?" "Didn't I say
They are closing round ; they have barred the way
'Twixt us and the station." "Then cannot we fight?"
It was Robin who asked. "Yes, as wolf will bite
When he's caught in a trap. What can one man do
'Gainst hundreds and more of that fiendish crew?"
(There was only father ; our men were away,
Gone with the store cattle down to the bay).
All the time mother said never a word,
Almost, I thought, she could not have heard.
But I saw, when she thought herself quite unseen,
How she wrung her hands 'neath her apron's screen.
Now she spoke to Harry. "My boy, don't cry ;
We're all together." "And if we die,"
Said father, "there's some of those red-skinned hounds,
I shall send before to their hunting grounds."
"They're coming," said Dick, and he shivered with fear
As a horse, hardly ridden, came galloping near.
The rider dismounted and came to the door,
And entered, as often he'd entered before.
Brave Willie, my lover, they called him so,
With a smile and a jest ere this time of woe ;
And indeed it was true, for he loved me well,
And I loved him again—though I never would tell.
He was tall and handsome, and strong, and brave,
As trusty a friend as a man could have ;
But his good right arm hung now in a sling.
He was maimed by a half-broken broncho's fling.
"You have heard my news!" and he glanced around.
"The Indians in war-paint have crossed the bound.
The half-breeds are out with their friends the Sioux ;
They pretty soon settled which side to choose.
A score of the Indians saw me ride,
And they all gave chase—but I turned aside
And twisted about till they lost my track,
But they lighted a bonfire behind my back.
I saw the flames when I cleared the wood ;
There's a smouldering heap where the old house stood."
Mother bent o'er the cradle and safe in her arm,
She gathered the baby—in sudden alarm.
Little Harry had smothered his face in her gown,
When father cried out : "I will ride to the town ;
For if the brutes shoot me it's only to die,

And if I break thro' them the soldiers and I
Will cut our way back and we'll rescue you all ! ”
“ No ! No ! ” said my Willie, “ For if you should fall
There's nobody left who can handle a gun ;
There's some one to ride, but I must be the one ! ”
—He rode, but was seen by an Indian scout,
For the crack of a score of their guns rang out ;
And then—ah ! it maddens me now to tell,
How the welkin rang with their fiendish yell.
—Then silence, as fearful as death or the grave.
“ Ah ! Willie, my Willie, so strong and so brave,
Did one of those shots let your life blood out ?
Was your death-cry lost in that demon shout ?
Have you fallen alone as you rode so fast ?
Or will you come back, love, with help at last ? ”
It was dark by this, but the moon shone bright ;
There was light for the murder abroad that night.
We stood by the window, my father and I,
We saw in the bushes dim forms go by.
The boys clung around us, the house was dark,
There was not a glimmer to serve as a mark.
And now fell a silence, so still, so deep,
We heard the soft breath of the child asleep.
“ Ah ! what was that gleaming ? Look, father, just there !
See, close to the maples, a flash and a glare.”
“ They have lighted a brand, but they'll wait yet a bit,
They know I can shoot, and I'm certain to hit.
They'll leave us alone till the moon has gone down,
And then—God send Willie safe back from the town.”
We waited again, but a cloud came by,
And then in a moment my father's eye
Had sighted his rifle. He fired it true—
There was one the less of that murderous crew.
Again and again did the gun ring out,
As he stopped the path of an Indian scout,
But what could one man do, tho' brave and strong,
Against hundreds and hundreds the whole night long ?
He fired from each window, I loaded the gun,
Till at last all the powder and shot were done ;
Then he took his revolvers and gave me one.
“ You must shoot as your mother has shot before.
There are cartridges here for a dozen or more.”
There's a crackle of wood and a cloud of smoke.
They have fired the roof ! and now mother spoke :
“ The boys—and the girl—if it comes to the worst ? ”

" Yes, wife, I will promise, I'll shoot them first."
The crackle grows fiercer ; the house is on fire.
We can feel the heat as the flames go higher.
The fences blaze, and they light the gloom—
I can dimly see in the smoke-filled room ;
And I know that the moment has come to die,
For there's dad on his knees kissing baby Guy.
He kissed us each one, and the next we heard,
Was his pistol's click ; we said never a word ;
But I thought, as I clung to my mother's side,
How Will was alone when he rode and died.
But hark ! there's a yell that would pierce the sky,
As if fiends were exulting to see us die.
'Tis the Indian charge, they are rushing in,—
When over the tumult and through the din
Came the ringing sound of a white man's cheer.
The soldiers are shouting ! they're here ! they're here !
They have burst the door and the danger's past,
And Willie is safe in my arms at last.
He had baffled the bloodhounds that dogged his track,
He had roused the soldiers and brought them back.
And ah ! thank Heaven, he has come in time,
And father is saved from a noble crime.

* * * * *

They are past and ended those hours of dread,
And Willie and I have for years been wed,
But as long as I live I can never forget,
I tremble with horror to think of them yet ;
I dream of them often and wake afraid,
And I shudder to hear of an Indian Raid.

HUMOROUS VERSE

THE BLIND ARCHER.

BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

LITTLE boy Love drew his bow at a chance,
Shooting down at the ballroom floor;
He hit an old chaperone watching the dance,
And oh ! but he wounded her sore.

“ Hey, Love, you couldn’t mean that !
Hi, Love, what would you be at ? ”
No word would he say,
But he flew on his way,
For the little boy’s busy, and how could he stay ?

Little boy Love drew a shaft just for sport
At the soberest club in Pall Mall ;
He winged an old veteran drinking his port,
And down that old veteran fell.

“ Hey, Love, you mustn’t do that !
Hi, Love, what would you be at ?
This cannot be right !
It’s ludicrous quite ! ”
But it’s no use to argue, for Love’s out of sight.

A sad-faced young clerk in a cell all apart
Was planning a celibate vow ;
But the boy’s random arrow has sunk in his heart,
And the cell is an empty one now.

“ Hey, Love, you mustn’t do that !
Hi, Love, what would you be at ?
He is not for you,
He has duties to do.”
“ But I am his duty,” quoth Love as he flew.

The king sought a bride, and the nation had hoped
For a queen without rival or peer.
But the little boy shot, and the king has eloped
With Miss No-one on Nothing a year.

" Hey, Love, you couldn't mean that !
 Hi, Love, what would you be at ?
 What an impudent thing
 To make game of a king ! "
 " But *I'm* a king also," cried Love on the wing.

Little boy Love grew pettish one day ;
 " If you keep on complaining," he swore.
 " I'll pack both my bow and my quiver away,
 And so I shall plague you no more."
 " Hey, Love, you mustn't do that !
 Hi, Love, what would you be at ?
 You may ruin our ease,
 You may do what you please,
 But we can't do without you, you dear little tease ! "

[From "Songs of Action," published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., by kind permission of the Author.]

ETIQUETTE.

BY SIR W. S. GILBERT.

THE *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo,
 And down in fathoms many, went the captain and his crew ;
 Down went the owners—greedy men—whom hope of gain
 allured,

Oh, dry the starting tear—for they were heavily insured !

Beside the captain, and the mate, the owners, and the crew,
 The passengers were also drowned, excepting only two—
 Young Peter Grey, who tasted teas for Baker, Croop & Co.,
 And Somers, who from Eastern shores, imported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast,
 Upon a desert island were eventually cast,
 They hunted for their meals, as Alexander Selkirk used,
 But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

For Peter Grey, and Somers, too, though certainly in trade,
 Were properly particular about the friends they made ;
 And somehow, thus they settled it, without a word of mouth,
 That Grey should take the northern half, while Somers took
 the south.

On Peter's portion, oysters grew, a delicacy rare,
 But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't bear.
 On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick,
 Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always made him sick.

Grey gnashed his teeth with envy, as he saw a mighty store
Of turtle, unmolested, on his fellow-creature's shore.
The oysters at his feet, aside, impatiently he shoved,
For turtle, and his mother, were the only things he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow, as he settled in the south,
For the thought of Peter's oysters brought the water to his
mouth.

He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed, and stuff,
For he'd often eaten oysters, but he'd never had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other they had had,
When on board the *Ballyshannon*, and it almost drove them
mad

To think how very friendly with each other they might get,
If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette.

One day when out a-hunting for the *mus-ridicul'us*,
Grey overheard his fellow-man soliloquizing thus :
“ I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on,
McConnell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Byles, and Robinson ? ”

These simple words made Peter as delighted as could be,
Old chummies at the Charterhouse were Robinson and he.
He walked straight up to Somers, then he turned extremely
red,
Hesitated, hemmed and hawed, then cleared his throat, and
said :—

“ I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold—
But you have breathed a name I knew, familiarly, of old.
You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to be by—
You know him ? ” “ Yes, extremely well.” “ Allow me—
so do I.”

It was enough—they felt they could more pleasantly get on,
For (oh ! the magic of the fact) they each knew Robinson ;
And Mr. Somers' turtle was at Peter's service quite,
And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster bed all right.

They soon became like brothers, from community of wrongs,
They wrote each other little odes, and sang each other songs ;
They told each other anecdotes—disparaging their wives—
On several occasions, too, they saved each others' lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for the night,
And got up in the morning as soon as it was light.

Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so upon,
And all because it happened they each knew Robinson.

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore,
And day by day they learned to love each other more and more.
At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one day,
They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred—" Suppose we cross the main ?
So good an opportunity may not occur again."
And Somers thought a moment, then ejaculated, " Done !
I wonder how my business in the city's getting on ? "

" But stay ! " said Mr. Peter. " When in England, as you know,
I earned a living tasting teas, for Baker, Croop & Co.
I may have been suspended—my employers think me dead."
" Then come with me," said Somers, " and taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment, when they
found

The vessel was a convict ship from Portland, outward bound.
When a boat came out to fetch them, though they felt it very
kind,

To go on board they firmly but respectfully declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the joke,
They recognized a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke ;
'Twas *Robinson*, a convict, in an unbecoming frock,
ondemned to seven years for misappropriating stock.

They laughed no more, for Somers thought he had been very
rash,

In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash ;
And Peter thought, a foolish tack he must have gone upon,
In making the acquaintance of a friend of Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard ;
They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a
word ;

The *word* grew rare and rarer, still the nodding of the head,
But when they meet each other *now*, they cut each other—
dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth,
And Peter takes the north again, and Somers takes the south.

And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in layers thick.
And Somers has the turtle, and it *always makes him sick.*

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

BY SIR W. S. GILBERT.

MACPHAIRSON Clonglocketty Angus McClan
Was the son of an elderly labouring man ;
You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader, at sight,
And p'r'aps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the lovely Deeside,
Round by Dingwell and Wrath to the mouth of the Clyde,
There wasn't a child or a woman or man
Who could pipe with Clonglocketty Angus McClan.

No other could wake such detestable groans,
With reed and with chaunter, with bag and with drones :
All day and all night he delighted the chielis
With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,
And the neighbouring maidens would gather around
To list to his pipes and to gaze in his een,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

All loved their McClan, save a Sassenach brute,
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot ;
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way ;
Though his name it was Pattison Corby Torbay.

Torbay had incurred a good deal of expense
To make him a Scotchman in every sense ;
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and kilt ;
Stick a skeän in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

Clonglocketty's pipings all night and all day
Quite frenzied poor Pattison Corby Torbay ;

The girls were amused at his singular spleen,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

“ Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus, my lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad.
If you really must play on that horrid affair,
My goodness, play something resembling an air.”

Boiled over the blood of Macphairson McClan—
The Clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man ;
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

“ Let’s show,” said McClan, “ to this Sassenach loon
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.
Let’s see,” said McClan, as he thoughtfully sat,
“ ‘ *In my Cottage* ’ is easy—I’ll practice at that.”

He blew at his “ Cottage,” and blew with a will,
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight until
(You’ll hardly believe it) McClan, I declare,
Elicted something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze ;
It wandered about into several keys.
It was jerky, spasmodic and harsh, I’m aware ;
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach danced ;
He shrieked in his agony, bellowed and pranced.
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

“ Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around ;
And fill a’ ye lugs wi’ the exquisite sound.
An air fra’ the bagpipes—beat that if you can !
Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus McClan ! ”

The fame of his piping spread over the land :
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore
He’d stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste)
Divided Clonglocketty close to the waist.

Oh ! loud were the wailings for Angus McClan,
 Oh ! deep was the grief for that excellent man—
 The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,
 Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

It sorrowed poor Pattison Corby Torbay
 To find them “take on” in this serious way,
 He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,
 And solaced their souls with the following words :—

“ Oh maidens,” said Pattison, touching his hat,
 “ Don’t blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that ;
 Observe, I’m a very superior man,
 A much better fellow than Angus McClan.”

They smiled when he winked and addressed them as “dears,”
 And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,
 A pleasanter gentleman never was seen—
 Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

HIAWATHA'S PHOTOGRAPHING.

BY LEWIS CARROLL.

FROM his shoulder Hiawatha
 Took the camera of rosewood,
 Made of sliding, folding rosewood ;
 Neatly put it all together.
 In its case it lay compactly,
 Folded into nearly nothing ;
 But he opened out the hinges,
 Pushed and pulled the joints and hinges,
 Till it looked all squares and oblongs,
 Like a complicated figure
 In the Second Book of Euclid.

This he perched upon a tripod—
 Crouched beneath its dusky cover—
 Stretched his hand, enforcing silence—
 Said “ Be motionless, I beg you ! ”
 Mystic, awful was the process !

All the family in order
 Sat before him for their pictures :
 Each in turn, as he was taken,
 Volunteered his own suggestions.
 His ingenious suggestions.

First, the Governor, the Father :
He suggested velvet curtains
Looped about a massy pillar ;
And the corner of a table,
Of a rosewood dining-table.
He would hold a scroll of something,
Hold it firmly in his left hand ;
He would keep his right hand buried
(Like Napoleon) in his waistcoat ;
He would contemplate the distance
With a look of pensive meaning,
As of ducks that die in tempests.

Grand, heroic was the notion :
Yet the picture failed entirely :
Failed, because he moved a little,
Moved, because he couldn't help it.

Next, his better half took courage ;
She would have her picture taken.
She came dressed beyond description,
Dressed in jewels and in satin
Far too gorgeous for an empress.
Gracefully she sat down sideways,
With a simper scarcely human,
Holding in her hand a bouquet
Rather larger than a cabbage.
All the while that she was sitting,
Still the lady chattered, chattered,
Like a monkey in the forest.

"Am I sitting still ?" she asked him.
"Is my face enough in profile ?
Shall I hold the bouquet higher ?
Will it come into the picture ?"
And the picture failed completely.

Next the son, the stunning Cantab :
He suggested curves of beauty,
Curves pervading all his figure,
Which the eye might follow onward,
Till they centred in the breast-pin,
Centred in the golden breast-pin.
He had learnt it all from Ruskin
(Author of *The Stones of Venice*,
Seven Lamps of Architecture,
Modern Painters, and some others) ;
And perhaps he had not fully
Understood his author's meaning.

But, whatever was the reason,
All was fruitless, as the picture
Ended in an utter failure.

Next to him the eldest daughter :
She suggested very little,
Only asked if he would take her
With her look of "passive beauty."

Her idea of "passive beauty."
Was a squinting of the left eye,
Was a drooping of the right eye,
Was a smile that went up sideways
To the corner of the nostrils.

Hiawatha, when she asked him,
Took no notice of the question,
Looked as if he hadn't heard it ;
But, when pointedly appealed to,
Smiled in his peculiar manner,
Coughed, and said it "didn't matter,"
Bit his lip, and changed the subject.

Nor in this was he mistaken,
As the picture failed completely.

So in turn, the other sisters.

Last, the youngest son was taken :
Very rough and thick his hair was.
Very round and red his face was,
Very dusty was his jacket,
Very fidgety his manner,
And his overbearing sisters
Called him names he disapproved of :
Called him Johnny, "Daddy's Darling,"
Called him Jacky, "Scrubby School-boy."
And, so awful was the picture,
In comparison the others
Seemed, to his bewildered fancy,
To have partially succeeded.

Finally, my Hiawatha
Tumbled all the tribe together
("Grouped" is not the right expression),
And, as happy chance would have it
Did at last obtain a picture
Where the faces all succeeded :
Each came out a perfect likeness.

Then they joined and all abused it,
Unrestrainedly abused it,
As "the worst and ugliest picture

They could possibly have dreamed of.
 Giving one such strange expressions—
 Sullen, stupid, pert expressions.
 Really any one would take us
 (Any one that did not know us)
 For the most unpleasant people ! ”
 (Hiawatha seemed to think so.
 Seemed to think it not unlikely.)
 All together rang their voices,
 Angry, loud, discordant voices,
 As of dogs that howl in concert,
 As of cats that wail in chorus.

But my Hiawatha's patience,
 His politeness and his patience,
 Unaccountably had vanished,
 And he left that happy party.
 Neither did he leave them slowly,
 With the calm deliberation,
 The intense deliberation
 Of a photographic artist :
 But he left them in a hurry,
 Left them in a mighty hurry,
 Stating that he would not stand it,
 Stating in emphatic language
 What he'd be before he'd stand it.

Hurriedly he packed his boxes ;
 Hurriedly the porter trundled
 On a barrow all his boxes :
 Hurriedly he took his ticket :
 Hurriedly the train received him :
 Thus departed Hiawatha.

YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM.

BY LEWIS CARROLL.

You are old, Father William,” the young man said,
 “ And your hair has become very white ;
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
 Do you think, at your age, it is right ? ”
 “ In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,
 “ I feared it might injure the brain ;
 But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
 Why, I do it again and again.”

" You are old," said the youth, " as I mentioned before,
 And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
 Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
 Pray, what is the reason of that ? "

" In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
 " I kept all my limbs very supple
 By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
 Allow me to sell you a couple ? "

" You are old," said the youth, " and your jaws are too weak
 For anything tougher than suet ;
 Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
 Pray, how did you manage to do it ? "

" In my youth," said his father, " I took to the law,
 And argued each case with my wife ;
 And the muscular strength, which it gave to my jaw,
 Has lasted the rest of my life."

" You are old," said the youth, " one would hardly suppose
 That your eye was as steady as ever ;
 Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
 What made you so awfully clever ? "

" I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
 Said his father ; " don't give yourself airs !
 Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?
 Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs ! "

THEY TOLD ME YOU HAD BEEN TO HER.

BY LEWIS CARROLL.

THEY told me you had been to her,
 And mentioned me to him :
 She gave me a good character,
 But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone,
 (We know it to be true) :
 If she would push the matter on,
 What would become of you ?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
 You gave us three or more ;
 They all returned from him to you,
 Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
 Involved in this affair,
 He trusts to you to set them free,
 Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
 (Before she had this fit)
 An obstacle that came between
 Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
 For this must ever be
 A secret, kept from all the rest,
 Between yourself and me.

"A LITTLE MUSIC."

By C. G. COTSFORD DICK.

PRITHEE, does society
 Do its duty properly
 To its neighbour when it ventures to enthrall him
 In that state of martyrdom,
 Be it rout or kettledrum,
 To which the words "At Home" have pleased to call him ?

"A little music" seems
 Just to realize our dreams
 Of how to pass a pure and pleasing hour ;
 But sweet dreams are left behind
 When arriving there, we find
 That the amateurs have got us in their power.

Packed like sardines in a box,
 Spoiling "buttonholes" and frocks,
 Calmly callous (through habitual endurance)
 To the high soprano's shake
 Or the deep contralto's "break"
 Or the tenor's *mezza voce* and assurance.

There we stand, a melting crowd
 To whom speech is disallowed,
 Save his "Bravo!" to the sycophant (the sinner !)
 Till at midnight, two and two,
 We are marshalled down to view
 The relics of the late lamented dinner.

"A little music"—O,
 Those afternoons of woe,
 Striking terror to the heart of every true man!
 "Four to seven," can't we see
 Martha pouring out the tea
 And Mary pouring out her soul in Schumann ?

The truth is, people like
 Their own ideas to strike
 On the touchwood of some sympathizing tinder,
 And will often vote a bore
 What they otherwise adore
 If it chance a *causerie intime* to hinder.

So, mine hostesses, forego
 Your "little music" show :
 Would the prospect of your guests then seem alarming ?
 Nay, let them chat and chaff
 And a "special cuvée" quaff,
 And they'll vow your parties "really quite too charming !"

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

A NIGHTMARE DREAM BY DAYLIGHT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea ?
 Have you met with that dreadful old man ?
 If you haven't been caught, you will be, you will be ;
 For catch you he must and he can.

He doesn't hold on by your throat, by your throat,
 As of old in the terrible tale ;
 But he grapples you tight by the coat, by the coat,
 Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

There's the charm of a snake in his eye, in his eye,
And a polypus-grip in his hands ;
You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get by,
If you look at the spot where he stands.

O, you're grabbed ! See his claw on your sleeve, on your
sleeve !
It is Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea !
You're a Christian, no doubt you believe, you believe :
You're a martyr, whatever you be !

—Is the breakfast-hour past ? They must wait, they must
wait,
While the coffee boils sullenly down,
While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate, on the grate,
And the toast is done frightfully brown.

—Yes, your dinner will keep ; let it cool, let it cool,
And Madam may worry and fret,
And children half-starved go to school, go to school ;
He can't think of sparing you yet.

—Hark ! the bell for the train ! “ Come along ! Come along !
For there isn't a second to lose.”
“ ALL ABOARD ! ” (He holds on.) “ Fsht ! ding-dong !
Fsht ! ding-dong ! ”—
You can follow on foot, if you choose.

—There's a maid with a cheek like a peach, like a peach,
That is waiting for you in the church ;—
But he clings to your side like a leech, like a leech,
And you leave your lost bride in the lurch.

—There's a babe in a fit,—hurry quick ! hurry quick !
To the doctor's as fast as you can !
The baby is off, while you stick, while you stick,
In the grip of the dreadful Old Man !

—I have looked on the face of the Bore, of the Bore ;
The voice of the Simple I know ;
I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at my door ;
I have sat by the side of the Slow ;

I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the friend,
That stuck to my skirts like a bur ;

I have borne the stale talk without end, without end,
 Of the sitter whom nothing could stir :
 But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake, and I shake,
 At the sight of the dreadful Old Man ;
 Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take,
 To my legs with what vigour I can !

O the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea !
 He's come back like the Wandering Jew !
 He has had his cold claw upon me, upon me,—
 And be sure that he'll have it on you !

THE WIFE HUNT.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

(TO AN OLD BALLAD TUNE.)¹

To live without love wasn't meant for man ;
 So I've begun to find.
 Go, saddle my chestnut Rataplan,
 I'll get me a wife as quick as I can,
 On the never-idling, temper-bridling,
 Natty, chatty, affable, laughable,
 "Love and obey me" plan.

I saddled him Rataplan so gay,
 Mounted my mule behind ;
 And off through the wood we ambled away
 To the Squire's fair daughter our court to pay ;
 But she proved so mighty hoity-toity,
 Sneering, fleering, nose you up, nose you down,
 Bless you, we left her behind !

For the Goldsmith's girl we galloped full soon,
 Keeping her money in mind ;
 She was sipping her soup with a golden spoon,
 And glittered with gems from shoulder to shoon—
 A skinny ninny, yellow's a guinea,
 Patched and powdered, sigh-away, die-away—
 Bless you, we left her behind !

We cantered to call on the ward of the Clerk,
 Thinking good sense to find ;

The musical right reserved.

The nightingale sang instead of the lark,
 But the niece of the Clerk was out with her spark,
 With such giggling, wriggling, arm-round-waisting,
 Stolen-fruit-tasting, hurrying, scurrying—
 Bless you, we left her behind !

We wandered alone like the babes in the wood,
 Master and serving-man,
 When up came a friar in a Capuchin hood,
 And whispered us something that proved for the good
 Of our “never-idling, temper-bridling,
 Natty chatty, affable, laughable,
 ‘Love and obey me’ plan.”

To the forester’s house my master went in,
 Down came a modest maid,
 As neat and as bright as a new breast-pin,
 With a dancing eye and a dimpled chin,
 And so sweetly, feathly, completely,
 Dined him, wined him, walked with him, talked with him—
 Bless you, this time we stayed !

[By kind permission of the Author.]

THE IRISH SPINNING-WHEEL.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

Show me a sight
 Bates for delight
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
 Oh, no !
 Nothing you’ll show
 Aquals her sittin’ an’ takin’ a twirl at it.

Look at her there—
 Night in her hair,
 The blue ray of day from her eye laughin’ out on us !
 Faix, an’ a foot,
 Perfect of cut,
 Peepin’ to put an end to all doubt in us.

That there’s a sight
 Bates for delight
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it—

Oh, no !
 Nothin' you'll show
 Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

See ! the lamb's wool
 Turns coarse an' dull
 By them soft, beautiful weeshy white hands of her.
 Down goes her heel,
 Roun' runs the wheel,
 Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.

Then show me a sight
 Bates for delight
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
 Oh, no !
 Nothin' you'll show
 Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of Three Fates,
 Seated on sates,
 Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done for me !
 You may want three
 For your massacree,
 But one Fate for me, boys—and only the one for me !

And isn't that fate
 Pictured compleate—
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it ?
 Oh, no !
 Nothin' you'll show
 Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

SPRING'S DELIGHTS.

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY.

*'Tis good-bye to comfort, to ease and prosperity,
 Now Spring has set in with its usual severity.*

SPRING'S Delights are now returning !
 Let the Lazy Minstrel sing ;
 While the ruddy logs are burning,
 Let his merry banjo ring !

Take no heed of pluvial patter,
 Waste no time in vain regrets ;
 Though our teeth are all a-chatter,
 Like the clinking castanets !
 Though it's freezing, sleetin, snowing,
 Though we're speechless from catarrh,
 Though the East wind's wildly blowing,
 Let us warble, *Tra la la !*

Spring's Delights are now returning !
 Let us order new great-coats :
 Never let us dream of spurning
 Woollen wraps around our throats.
 Let us see the couch nocturnal
 Snugly swathed in eider-down :
 Let not thoughts of weather vernal
 Tempt us to go out of Town.
 Though the biting blast is cruel,
 Though our "tonic's" not *sol-fa*,
 Though we sadly sup on gruel,
 Let us warble, *Tra la la !*

Spring's Delights are now returning
 Now the poet deftly weaves
 Quaint conceits and rhymes concerning
 Croton oil and mustard leaves !
 Let us, though we are a fixture,
 In our room compelled to stay—
 Let us quaff the glad cough mixture,
 Gaily gargle time away !
 Though we're racked with pains rheumatic.
 Though to sleep we've said ta-ta,
 Let us, with a voice ecstatic,
 Wildly warble, *Tra la la !*

Spring's Delights are now returning !
 Doctors now are blithe and gay !
 Heaps of money now they're earning,
 Calls they're making ev'ry day.
 Ev'ry shepherd swain grows colder,
 As, in vain, he tries to sing ;
 Feels he now quite ten years older,
 'Neath the blast of blighting Spring !
 Though we're doubtful of the issue,
 Let us bravely shout Hurrah !

And in one superb *A-tishoo!*
Sneeze and warble *Tra la la!*

[By special permission of the Author and of Mr. Fisher Unwin.]

A MODERN SYREN.

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY.

THE laughing ripples sing their lay,
The sky is blue, and o'er the bay
 The breeze is blowing free ;
For, O, the morning's fresh and fair,
And bright and bracing is the air,
 Down by the summer sea.

A pretty, winsome, merry girl,
With all her sunny hair a-curl,
 Was dimpled bonny Bee ;
Her laugh was light, her eyes were blue,
They always said her heart was true,
 Down by the summer sea.

The sun is hot, the day is grand,
And up and down the yellow sand
 Perambulateth he :
She promised they should meet at eight,
And from her lips should learn his fate,
 Down by the summer sea.

He fancies it is getting late,
For by his watch 'tis now past eight,
 Some minutes twenty-three ;
The shore he scans with eyesight keen,
And notes the track of small *bottines*,
 Down by the summer sea.

He hums a merry song and strolls,
And tracks this pretty pair o' soles—
 His heart is full of glee !
For now that he has found the clue,
He follows footsteps two and two,
 Down by the summer sea.

" But ah ! " he says, and stops his song—
 " This soler system is all wrong,
 'Tis plain enough to me,
 Those prints are proofs—I can't tell whose—
 But ' quite another pair of shoes,'
 Down by the summer sea."

The short and narrow, long and wide,
 He finds march closely side by side
 By some occult decree ;
 And as he cons the footprints o'er,
 He finds that two and two make four,
 Down by the summer sea !

He sighs, and says, " Ah, well, indeed ! "
 And from his pocket takes a weed,
 And strikes the light fuzee :
 He adds, " I think I'll now go home,
 For maidens' vows are frail as foam
 Down by the summer sea ! "

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A NUTSHELL NOVEL.

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY.

VOL. I.

A WINNING wile,
 A sunny smile,
 A feather :
 A tiny talk,
 A pleasant walk,
 Together !

VOL. II.

A little doubt,
 A playful pout,
 Capricious :
 A merry miss,
 A stolen kiss,
 Delicious !!

You ask mama,
Consult papa,
With pleasure :
And both repent,
This rash event,
At leisure !!!

[By special permission of the Author and of Mr. Fisher Unwin.]

A LESSON WITH THE FAN.

BY FRED E. WEATHERLY.

IF you want to learn a lesson with the fan,
I'm quite prepared to teach you all I can ;
So, ladies every one,
Pray observe how it is done,
This simple little lesson with the fan !

If you chance to be invited to a ball
To meet some one—that you don't expect at all,
And you want him close beside you,
While a dozen friends divide you—
Well, of course, it's most unladylike to call—

So you look at him a minute, nothing more,
Then you drop your eyes demurely on the floor,
And you wave your fan, just so,
Well towards you, don't you know—
It's a delicate suggestion, nothing more !

When you see him coming to you, simple you,
Oh ! be very, very careful what you do ;
With your fan just idly play,
And look down as if to say
It's a matter of indifference to you !

Then you flutter and you fidget with it, so !
And you hide your little nose behind it low,
Till when he begins to speak
You just lay it on your cheek
In the fascinating manner that you know !

And when he tells the old tale o'er and o'er,
 And vows that he will love you evermore,
 Gather up your little fan
 And secure him while you can—
 It's a delicate suggestion, nothing more !

[By kind permission of the Author.]

“ OH ! ”

BY FRED E. WEATHERLY.

DOROTHY sat in the window seat,
 “ Oh ! ” said the neighbours, “ oh ! ”
 She look'd up the street and down the street,
 Oh ! oh ! oh !
 When just at that moment, strange to say,
 Somebody came below !
 Do you think she look'd the opposite way ?
 Do you think she look'd the opposite way ?
 No ! no ! no ! no !

Into the garden Dorothy crept,
 “ Oh ! ” said the neighbours, “ oh ! ”
 And up to Dorothy somebody stept,
 Oh ! oh ! oh !
 He look'd in her eyes and took her hand
 In a way that, of course, you know !
 And she really seem'd to understand,
 And she really seem'd to understand,
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

But just as he kissed his little love,
 Her maiden aunt look'd out above. Oh !
 She shouted “ How dare you, there below ?
 When I was a girl I never did so.” Oh !
 “ Oh, no,” cried the lover, “ I quite agree,”
 And he laugh'd as he turn'd to go :
 And that's the difference, don't you see,
 And that's the difference, Don't you see ?
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

[By kind permission of the Author.]

I BEG YOUR PARDON.

BY FRED E. WEATHERLY.

'TWAS in a shop upon the stair,
That first I met my Lady Fair,
An open door, just passing by,
I could not help what I did spy.

Que voulez-vous ?

What could I do ?

"*Pardon !*" I say—"I beg your pardon!"

And so I waited in the street,
Till out she came, so sweet and neat.

"*Pardon ! Mam'selle*—you come with me ?

I know a lovely place for tea,

A little tea,

Just you and me."

"*Comment ?*" she say—"I beg your pardon."

So off we went together there—

I only sit and stare at her,

Until the *garçon* come and say—

"*Monsieur* he have forgot to pay !'

"Forgot to pay !"

I laugh and say—

"*Ha ! Ha ! c'est vrai !* I beg your pardon !"

"*Allons, ma chère*, what shall we do ?

I've got a lovely car for you !"

But when I see her eyes ashine,

I took her little hand in mine,

She say "No ! No !

You not do so !"

"*Chérie !*" I say—"I beg your pardon !"

Then off we spun—away—away—

Cré nom de nom ! It was a day.

And she so sweet and to my taste,

I put my arm around her waist.

"*Fi donc !*" she say,

And look'd away.

"*Mais non, chérie !* I beg your pardon !"

And then at last our drive was o'er,

I put her down before her door,

The door flies ope ! a man I see !
 A great big man look down at me.

“ But who is he ? ”

“ Why don’t you see ? ”

“ *C'est mon Mari !* ” “ I beg your pardon.”

[By kind permission of the Author.]

PRIOR TO MISS BELLE'S APPEARANCE.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHAT makes you come *here* fer, Mister,
 So much to *our* house ?—Say ?
 Come to see our big sister !—
 An’ Charley he says ‘at you kissed her,
 An’ he ketched you, thuther day !—
 Didn’ you, Charley ?—But we p’omised Belle
 An’ crossed our heart to never to tell—
 ’Cause *she* gived us some o’ them-er
 Chawk’ lut drops ‘at you bringed to her !

Charley, he’s my little b’uther—
 An’ we has a-mostest fun,
 Don’t we, Charley ?—Our Muther,
 Whenever we whips one-anuther,
 Tries to whip *us*—an’ we *run*—
 Don’t we, Charley ?—An’ nen, bime-by,
 Nen she gives us cake—an’ pie—
 Don’t she, Charley ?—when we come in
 An’ p’omise never to do it agin !

He’s named Charley—I’m *Willie*—
 An’ I’m got the purtiest name !
 But Uncle Bob *he* calls me “ *Billy* ”—
 Don’t he, Charley ?—’Nour filly
 We named “ *Billy*,” the same
 Ist like me ! An’ our Ma said
 ‘At “ Bob puts foolishness into our head ! ”—
 Didn’ she, Charley ?—An’ *she* don’t know
 Much about *boys* !—’Cause Bob said so !

Baby’s a funniest feller !
 Nain’t no hair on his head—
Is they, Charley ? It’s meller
 Wite up there ! An’ ef Belle er
 Us ask wuz *we* that way, Ma said,—

" Yes ; an' yer *Pa's* head wuz soft as that,
 An' it's that way yet ! "—An' *Pa* grabs his hat
 An' says, " Yes, children, she's right about *Pa*—
 'Cause that's the reason he married yer *Ma* ! "

An' our *Ma* says 'at Belle couldn'
 Ketch nothin' at all but ist "*bows!*"—
 An' *Pa* says 'at "you're soft as puddun!"—
 An' *Uncle Bob* says "you're a good-un—
 'Cause he can tell by yer nose?"—
 Didn' he, Charley? An' when Belle 'll play
 In the poller on th' pianer, some day,
 Bob makes up funny songs about you,
 Till she gits mad—like he wants her to !

Our sister *Fanny* she's '*leven*
 Years old! 'At's mucher 'an *I*—
 Ain't it, Charley? . . . I'm seven!—
 But our sister *Fanny*'s in *Heaven*!

Nere's where you go ef you die!—
 Don't you, Charley? Nen you has *wings*—
Ist like Fanny! an' *purtiest things!*—
 Don't you, Charley? An' nen you can *fly*—
Ist fly—an' ever'thing! . . . Wisht *I'd* die !

[From "Rhymes of Childhood," copyright, 1900. Used by special permission of the Publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

A SEASIDE INCIDENT.

ANON.

" WHY, Bob, you dear old fellow,
 Where have you been these years?
 In Egypt, India, Khiva,
 With the Khan's own volunteers?
 Have you scaled the Alps or Andes,
 Sailed to Isles of Amazons?
 What climate, Bob, has wrought the change
 Your face from brown to bronze ? "

She placed a dimpled hand in mine,
 In the same frank, friendly way;
 We stood once more on the dear old beach,
 And it seemed but yesterday

Since, standing on this same white shore,
 She said, with eyelids wet,
 "Good-bye. You may remember, Bob.
 But I shall not forget."

I held her hand and whispered low,
 "Madge, darling, what of the years—
 The ten long years that have intervened
 Since, through the mist of tears,
 We looked good-bye on this same white beach
 Here by the murmuring sea ?
 You, Madge, were then just twenty,
 And I was twenty-three."

A crimson blush came to her cheek,
 "Hush, Bob," she quickly said ;
 "Let 's look at the bathers in the surf—
 There 's Nellie and Cousin Ned."
 "And who's that portly gentleman
 On the shady side of life ?"
 "Oh, he belongs to our party, too—
 In fact, Bob, I'm his wife !

"And I tell you, Bob, it 's an awful thing
 The way he does behave ;
 Flirts with that girl in steel-gray silk—
 Bob, why do you look so grave ?"
 "The fact is, Madge—I—well, ahem !
 Oh, nothing at all, my dear—
 Except that she of the steel-gray silk
 Is the one I married last year."

LITTLE WILLIE.

BY ALGERNON H. LINDO.

LITTLE Willie was so gentle,
 Kindly both in word and deed,
 But he always failed when trying
 To help people in their need.
 Once his sister and her sweetheart
 In the dark together stayed ;
 Little Willie thought "How dreadful,
 I know I should be afraid."

Little Willie kind and thoughtful
 Suddenly turned up the light.
 He was punished for it. Somehow
 Little Willie can't do right.

Once he heard his mother saying,
 "Jane, if Mrs. Brown should call,
 Say that I am out and shan't be
 Home this afternoon at all."
 Mrs. Brown met little Willie,
 He was playing round about;
 "Mother says," said little Willie,
 "If *you* call she'll say she's out."

Little Willie thought that this would
 Fill his mother with delight;
 When they punished him he murmured,
 "Seems as if I *can't* do right."

Little Willie thinks it dreadful
 To be so misunderstood,
 And he wonders if it's useless
 Trying to do people good.
 When he's grown up, and is married,
 And has little Willies too,
 He says he will never punish
 Children for the *good* they do.

Little Willie often wonders,
 Lying in his cot at night,
 Why grown-ups should be so certain
 Little Willies can't do right.

[*By kind permission of the Author and of the Editor of "Baby."*]

AT GOLF.

BY ALGERNON H. LINDO.

I SMOTE a golf-ball into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where,
 And I have a friend who, not in joke,
 Told me he'd made a record stroke.

I found my ball, as I'm alive,
 "*Holed in one*" by my first big drive,—
 And the same old lie, from beginning to end,
 I heard again from the lips of my friend !

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

THE "LANCET."

BY G. R. SIMS.

I KNEW some jolly people, all as happy as could be,
 Always eager for their dinner, always ready for their tea ;
 Cheeks had they for ever rosy, eyes that glistened and were
 bright—
 They could eat a hearty supper and sleep calmly through the
 night.
 They had neither pain nor aching, and, as none of them were
 ill,
 They had never taken physic and they paid no doctor's bill.
 O, in all the British islands none were healthier, I ween,
 Or more happy and contented than the Browns of Walham
 Green.

But one day, inside a carriage on the smoky "Underground,"
 Coming homeward from the City, pa a bulky journal found,
 'Twas a *Lancet*, that some reader had forgotten and had left,
 So pa put it in his pocket—which of course was not a theft ;
 If it was, upon the railway I've committed many crimes,
 For I've often in this manner seized and taken home the
Times.

But better, O far better, had that *Lancet* never been
 On the seat in the compartment where sat Brown of Walham
 Green.

Mr. Brown, he glanced it over while partaking of his tea.
 "Did you ever ? Well, I never !" every moment muttered
 he ;

And he left his tea untasted, and he put his muffin down,
 And his manner altogether was so queer that Mrs. Brown
 Rose and screamed, "Good gracious, Thomas ! what's the
 matter—tell me true !

You are going white and yellow, and your lips are turning
 blue ;"

And for answer out he read them all the awful things he'd seen
 In the *Lancet*, and a panic seized the Browns of Walham Green.

For they knew the germs of fever were around them every-
 where—

They were told how very fatal was the family armchair :
 They were told that every morning when the slavey shook the
 mat

Germs of death were scattered broadcast, and they shivered as they sat.

They were told that death was lurking in the teapot and the tank,

In the milk and in the water, and in everything they drank.

In their terror 'gainst each other all the family did lean—

Peace of mind had gone for ever from the Browns of Walham Green.

From that day they took the *Lancet*, every week they read it through,

And their faces changed from rosy to a sickly yellow hue ;

And they could not eat their dinner, and they could not sleep at night,

For with every Friday's *Lancet* came a new and awful fright.

Germs of all the fell diseases that lie lurking for mankind

Were, according to the *Lancet*, blown on every passing wind ;

" How on earth from all these dangers shall our carcasses we screen ? "

Cried, in throes of hourly anguish, all the Browns of Walham Green.

They were happy when they knew not of the germs that lie in wait—

In the cottage of the lowly, in the castles of the great,
In the street and in the parlour, in the train and in the 'bus,
Round the corner germs are waiting, on the watch to spring on us.

There are germs in clothes and customs—ah, the *Lancet*'s eye is keen,

It has even pierced the dustbin of the Browns of Walham Green !

There, it told them, germs in thousands lay in waiting night and day,

So they went and threw carbolic in a wildly lavish way.

Then it warned them in a leader that they'd better all look out

For a dreadful epidemic that came down the water-spout ;

Up they went upon the housetop and poured quarts of Condy down,

Which they carried up in buckets—Mr., Miss, and Mrs Brown—

And the neighbours stood and wondered what the dickens it could mean,

At the gath'ring on the housetop of the Browns of Walham Green.

Every week came other terrors, every week their fears grew worse,

Till they felt their lives a burthen, till they felt their home a curse ;

And they sat around the table with a look of nervous dread,
So upset by fears of dying that they wished that they were dead.

And when they all were turning to mere bags of skin and bone,
And all the sound they uttered was a deep sepulchral groan.
Up rose young Tom, the eldest—a youth of seventeen—
And seized and flung the *Lancet* right out on Walham Green.

“Get out, you horrid bogey—you terrifying pest !”—
Exclaimed young Tom in anger as he flung it east and west.
Then pa rose up, and, lifting his hand to heaven’s dome,
Swore that never more the *Lancet* should come into the home.
And from that hour there vanished their look of care and woe,
And all of them grew happy as in the long ago.

At germs they snap their fingers, and now with joyous mien
They live in calm contentment—the Browns of Walham Green.

MORAL.

Where ignorance is comfort, it is folly to be wise ;
In mercy lies the future concealed from mortal eyes.
The thousand hidden dangers for man that lie in wait,
If known, would lead him surely to share the madman’s fate.
Life were not worth the living were we to dread the germs
The *Lancet* serves up weekly in scientific terms.
So snap your fingers at them—the germs, of course, I mean—
And take to heart the story of the Browns of Walham Green.

[From “Dagonet Ditties” by special permission of the Author and of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

LOVE’S SACRIFICE.

BY JESSIE POPE.

WHEN I asked my dear Edwin to shave
I’d never a thought of denial ;
He’d been such an absolute slave,
I put his devotion on trial.
But his eye threw a sinister dart,
His features grew dogged and grave ;
Still—I hardly expected to part
When I asked him to shave.

He refused, and seemed eager to jest,
Till he saw my determined expression.
A moustache, he said, suited him best,
And helped in his budding profession.
“What! Like *yours!*” I replied with a sneer.
He smiled when my temper grew hot,
And when I indulged in a tear
He said, “Certainly not.”

’Twas enough, and I said what I felt,
Indignant and adamant-hearted,
On some of his drawbacks I dwelt—
He took up his hat and departed.
I waited and waited in vain.
Disconsolate, haggard and white,
I wrestled each day with my pain
Till Saturday night.

Then I wrote and confessed I was wrong,
My hand with emotion was shaking,
I prayed him to come before long
To the heart that was his and was breaking.
Three terrible hours did I wait;
He came—and my reason was saved.
Then I saw what had made him so late—
My Edwin had shaved.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

A ROUGH WOOING.

BY JESSIE POPE.

WHEN Philip played hockey with Kitty
He was right off his usual game,
For she looked so bewitchingly pretty
As straight for the circle she came.
Philip’s never inclined to be chary
Of hitting and harassing too,
But who could be rough with a fairy?
Not he, so he let her go through.

She scored, and they couldn’t get equal.
His captain pronounced him a fool,
And the lady herself in the sequel
Grew most unexpectedly cool.

For Phil was a failure, as stated,
 He hated the sight of the ball ;
 She thought him a lot overrated
 And wondered they played him at all.

But she frankly admired Percy Waters,
 Who uses his stick like a flail,
 And always impartially slaughters
 Both sexes, the strong and the frail.
 A mutual friendliness followed,
 Phil watched its career in dismay.
 Next match day his feelings he swallowed
 And hit in the usual way.

He caught her a crunch on the knuckle,
 A clip on the knee and the cheek.
 She said, with a rapturous chuckle,
 " I see—you weren't *trying* last week."
 Such conduct its cruelty loses
 When it brings consolation to both,
 For after she'd counted her bruises
 That evening—they plighted their troth.

[*By kind permission of the Author.*]

A SCHOOLBOY MEMORY.

BY JESSIE POPE.

WHEN Jones was in the Lower School
 And I was in the Upper,
 I used to manage as a rule
 To confiscate his supper.

An irritating kid was Jones,
 Thin, snivelling and surly ;
 It was a joy to crack his bones,
 For I was strong and burly.

He won a first-rate alley taw
 With which he used to dally ;
 I fancied it—he tried to jaw—
 Enough ! I took that alley.

Time passed ; term followed term, and though
 To scholarships elected,
 My youthful frame refused to grow
 As much as was expected.

When musing in the Quad one day
 Upon dissected cones,
 A strapping chap stood in my way
 And simply said: "I'm Jones."

He towered above me by a head;
 I felt my face turn yellow—
 But smiling cheerily, I said:
 "How do you do, old fellow!"

He answered, "Thanks, I'm stronger now."
 I sniggered at his sally
 Till he remarked with lowering brow:
 "I've come to fetch my alley."

In what ensued I must maintain
 Jones showed a savage zest.
 I think he got his own again
 With compound interest.

[By kind permission of the Author.]

AN OBSTACLE.

BY C. STETSON GILMAN.

I WAS climbing up a mountain path
 With many things to do,
 Important business of my own
 And other people's too,
 When I ran against a prejudice,
 That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,
 My path quite clearly showed,
 My strength and time were limited,
 I carried quite a load,
 And there that hulking prejudice
 Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
 For he was huge and high,
 And begged that he would move a bit
 And let me travel by;—
 He smiled, but as for moving!
 He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly
 With that colossal mule ;
 My time was short—no other path—
 The mountain winds were cool ;
 I argued like a Solomon,—
 He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion,
 I danced, and howled, and swore,
 I pelted and belaboured him
 Till I was stiff and sore ;
 He got as mad as I did—
 But he sat there as before.

And then I begged him on my knees—
 I might be kneeling still,
 If so, I hoped to move that mass
 Of obdurate ill will—
 As well invite the monument
 To vacate Bunker Hill !

So I sat before him helpless,
 In an ecstacy of woe :
 The mountain mists were rising fast,
 The sun was sinking slow,—
 When a sudden inspiration came,
 As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,
 My load I settled fair,
 I approached that awful incubus
 With an absent-minded air—
 And I walked directly through him,
 As if he wasn't there !

[By kind permission of the Author.]

THE ALARM.

ANON.

His eye was stern and wild ; his cheek
 Was pale and cold as clay ;
 Upon his tighten'd lip a smile
 Of fearful meaning lay.

He mused a while, but not in doubt ;
No trace of doubt was there ;
It was the steady, solemn pause
Of resolute despair !

Once more he look'd upon the scroll,
Once more its words he read,
Then calmly, with unflinching hand,
Its folds before him spread.

I saw him bare his throat, and seize
The blue, cold, gleaming steel,
And grimly try the tempered edge
He was so soon to feel.

A sickness crept upon my heart,
And dizzy swam my head ;
I could not stir—I could not cry—
I felt benumb'd and dead !

Black, icy horrors struck me dumb,
And froze my senses o'er ;
I closed my eyes in utter fear,
And strove to think no more.

Again I looked : a fearful change
Across his face had pass'd ;
He seemed to rave—on cheek and lip
A flaky foam was cast.

He raised on high the glittering blade,
Then first I found a tongue :
“ Hold, madman ! stay the frantic deed ! ”
I cried, and forth I sprung.

He heard me, but he heeded not ;
One glance around he gave ;
And ere I could arrest his hand,
He had—begun to shave !

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

BY F. BRET HARTE.

WHICH I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—

That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name ;
 And I shall not deny
 In regard to the same
 What that name might imply,
 But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
 As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
 And quite soft were the skies ;
 Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise ;
 Yet he played it that day upon William
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
 And Ah Sin took a hand :
 It was Euchre. The same
 He did not understand ;
 But he smiled as he sat by the table,
 With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
 In a way that I grieve
 And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve,
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
 By that heathen Chinee,
 And the points that he made
 Were quite frightful to see,—
 Till at last he put down a right bower,
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
 And he gazed upon me ;
 And he rose with a sigh,
 And said, "Can this be ?
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,"
 And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
 I did not take a hand,
 But the floor it was strewed
 Like the leaves on the strand
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
 In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
 He had twenty-four packs,—
 Which was coming it strong,
 Yet I state but the facts;
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,
 What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

[By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

ON THE LANDING.

AN IDYL OF THE BALUSTERS.

BY BRET HARTE.

BOBBY, *ætat* 3½.

JOHNNY, *ætat* 4½.

BOBBY.

"Do you know why they've put us in that back room,
 Up in the attic, close against the sky,
 And made believe our nursery's a cloak room?
 Do you know why?"

JOHNNY.

"No more I don't, nor why that Sammy's mother
 What Ma thinks horrid, 'cause he bunged my eye,
 Eats an ice cream, down there, like any other—
 No more don't I!"

BOBBY.

"Do you know why Nurse says it isn't manners
 For you and me to ask folks twice for pie,
 And no one hits that man with two bananas?
 Do you know why?"

JOHNNY.

"No more I don't, nor why that girl, whose dress is
 Off of her shoulders, don't catch cold and die,
 When you and me gets croup when *we* undresses !
 No more don't I!"

BOBBY.

"Perhaps she ain't as good as you and I is,
 And God don't want her up there in the sky,
 And lets her live—to come in just when pie is—
 Perhaps that's why!"

JOHNNY.

"Do you know why that man that's got a cropped head
 Rubbed it just now as if he felt a fly?
 Could it be, Bobby, something that I dropded?
 And is that why?"

BOBBY.

"Good boys behaves, and so they don't get scalded,
 Nor drop hot milk on folks as they pass by."

JOHNNY [piously].

"Marbles would bounce on Mr. Jones' bald head—
 But *I* shan't try!"

BOBBY.

"Do you know why Aunt Jane is always snarling
 At you and me because we tells a lie,
 And she don't slap that man that called her darling ?
 Do you know why?"

JOHNNY.

"No more I don't, nor why that man with Mamma
 Just kissed her hand."

BOBBY.

"She hurt it—and that's why,
 He made it well, the very way that Mamma
 Does do to I."

JOHNNY.

"I feel so sleepy. . . . Was that Papa kissed us ?
 What made him sigh, and look up to the sky ?"

BOBBY.

"We wer'n't down stairs, and he and God had missed us
And that was why!"

[By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.]

T. A. IN LOVE.

BY EDGAR WALLACE.

DREAMIN' of thee ! Dreamin' of thee !
Sittin' with my elbow on my knee.
I *orter* be a polishin' the meat-dish an' the can—
(I *orter* draw the groceries—for I am ord'ly man !
But wot are bloomin' ration calls, an' wot's a pot or pan,
When I'm dreamin', O my darlin' one, of thee ?)

Dreamin' of thee ! Dreamin' of thee !
Firin' at the rifle range I be.
I've missed a fust-class targit—an' I've missed the 'ill be'ind !
I nearly shot a marker once ! (which wasn't very kind) ;
The orficer 'e swcars at me—but re'ly, I don't mind !
I am dreamin', O my darlin' one, of thee !

Dreamin' of thee ! Dreamin' of thee !
Me, as was the smartest man in "B" !
My kit is all untidy, and it's inches thick in dust ;
An' my rifle's fouled an' filthy, an' my bay'nit's red with rust ;
They've tried to find the reason—but I've seen 'em furder fust !
An' they never guess I'm dreamin', dear, of thee !

Dreamin' of thee ! Dreamin' of thee !
They can't make out wot's comin' over me.
The fellows think I'm barmy, an' the Major thinks it's drink,
The Sergeant thought it laziness, so shoved me in the clink !
The Colonel called it "thoughtlessness," so gave me time to
think,
An' to dream again, my darlin' one, of thee !

Dreamin' of thee ! Dreamin' of thee !
Wot's two 'ours' sentry-go to me ?
A sittin' in the sentry-box, a-thinkin' of your eyes,
The ord'ly orficer come along, an' took me by surprise !
'E said as I was sleepin'—an' the usual orfice lies !
When I was on'y dreamin', love, of thee !

Dreamin' of thee ! Dreamin' of thee !

Rubbin' tarry oakum on my knee !

Oh, when I weigh that oakum in, I know I'll cop it 'ot !
I'll be 'auled before the Gov'nor, an' I'll git an 'our's shot ;
But whether I git punishment, or whether I do not,
They can't prevent me dreamin', love, of thee !

[From "Writ in Barracks," by special permission of the Author and of
the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen & Co.]

TOMMY'S AUTOGRAPH.

BY EDGAR WALLACE.

I 'AD lorst my situation, an' the girl she got the 'ump,
An' the naggin' of my muvver nearly drove me orf my chump.
So I 'oofed it down to Woolwich, to the old recruitin' starf,
An' they give to me a paper for to fix my autygrarf !

Just to fix my autygrarf !

Lor' you should a 'eard me larf !

For the blessed Sergeant-Major wos a tryin' on 'is chaff.

Didn't mind the Doctor's soundin's,

Nor 'is soap an' water barf !

But the fing as knocked me silly wos that bloomin' autygrarf !

I wos took before the colonel, an' I took a Bible oaf
That I'd serve my Queen an' country, an' be square unto them
boaf.

Then they got a printed paper, an' this Colonel on the starf
Sez, " You'll kindly read this over, an' affix your autygrarf ! "

To affix my autygrarf !

Larf ! You orter 'eard me larf !

Signin' fings like " 'Enry Irvin," Knight Commornder of the
Barf !

Made me want to do a swagger

Like a Piccadilly calf !

On'y fancy ! People wantin' Tommy Atkins' autygrarf !

Then I signs my name an' birfplace, an' the county I wos from,
An' I dots the " i " in Atkins, an' I crorst the " t " in tom.

A recruit is wurf a dollar, an' the sergeant gets an 'arf ;
Just for 'andin' me a paper for to put my autygrarf !

Just to put my autygrarf !

Larf ? You should 'ave 'eard *them* larf !

From the colonel wiv 'is spurs on, to the sergeant in 'is scarf.

When I sez, " Wot's this for, mister ? "

Sez the colonel, " Go to Barf ! "

" Don't you know the Queen is anxious for to get your auty-grarf ? "

I 'ave autygrarfed for clobber, I 'ave autygrarfed for pay ;
 I 'ave signed it wiv a flourish, I 'ave signed it wiv a " j "
 On an Army Temperance pledge-book
 (O the straight an' narrer parf !)—
 To a " drunk " fine in the pay list, I've affixed my auty-grarf !

Wot a name ! An autygrarf !
 'Nuff to drive a feller darf ;
 Callin' Christian name an " auty " an' the uvver name a
 " grarf,"
 Writin' in a pocket-ledger—
 'Stead of album bound in calf—
 " Doo to soldier : Nil," (that's Latin), an' your bloomin' auty-grarf !

[From " *Writ in Barracks*," by special permission of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen & Co.]

THE OLD STORY.

ANON.

HE was a guileless college youth,
 That mirrored modesty and truth ;
 And sometimes at his musty room
 His sister called, to chase the gloom.
 One afternoon, while she was there,
 Arranging things with kindly care,
 As often she had done before,
 There came a knock upon the door.
 Our student, sensitive to fears
 Of thoughtless comrades' laughing jeers,
 Had only time to deposit
 His sister in an old clothes closet,
 Then haste the door to open wide :
 His guest unbidden steps inside.
 He was a cheery-faced old man,
 And with apologies began
 For calling, and then let him know
 That more than fifty years ago,

When he was in his youthful bloom,
 He'd occupied that very room ;
 So thought he'd take the chance, he said,
 To see the changes time had made.
 " The same old window, same old view—
 Ha, ha ! The same old pictures too ! "
 And then he tapped them with his cane,
 And laughed his merry laugh again.
 " The same old sofa, I declare !
 Dear me ! it must be worse for wear,
 The same old shelves ! " And then he came
 And spied the cupboard door. " The same—
 Oh my ! " A woman's dress peeped through .
 Quick as he could, he closed it to.
 He shook his head. " Ah, ah ! the same
 Old game, young man, the same old game."
 " Would you my reputation slur ? "
 The youth gasped ; " That's my sister, sir."
 " Ah ! " said the old man, with a sigh,
 " The same old lie—the same old lie ! "

THE CHOICE OF KING MIDAS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

MIDAS, King of Phrygia,
 Several thousand years ago,
 Was a very worthy monarch,
 As the classic annals show—
 You may read 'em at your leisure,
 When you have a mind to doze,
 In the finest Latin verses,
 Or in choice Hellenic prose.
 Now this notable old monarch,
 King of Phrygia, as aforesaid
 (Of whose royal state and character,
 There might be vastly more said),
 Though he occupied a palace,
 Kept a very open door,
 And had still a ready welcome
 For the stranger and the poor.
 Now it chanced that old Silenus,
 Who, it seems, had lost his way,
 Following Bacchus through the forest,
 In the pleasant month of May

(Which wasn't very singular,
For at the present day
The followers of Bacchus
Very often go astray,) Came at last to good King Midas,
Who received him in his court,
Gave him comfortable lodgings,
And—to cut the matter short—
With as much consideration
Treated weary old Silenus
As if the entertainment
Were for Mercury or Venus.
Now when Bacchus heard the story,
He proceeded to the king,
And says he, " By old Silenus
You have done the handsome thing ;
He's my much respected tutor,
Who has taught me how to read,
And I'm sure your royal kindness
Should receive its proper meed ;
So I grant you full permission
To select your own reward :
Choose a gift to suit your fancy,
Something worthy of a lord ! "
" Ave Bacche ! " cried the monarch ;
" If I do not make too bold,
Let whatever I may handle
Be transmuted into gold ! "
Midas, sitting down to dinner,
Sees the answer to his wish,
For the turbot on the platter
Turns into a golden fish !
And the bread between his fingers
Is no longer wheaten bread,
But the slice he tries to swallow
Is a wedge of gold instead !
And the roast he takes for mutton
Fills his mouth with golden meat,
Very tempting to the vision,
But extremely hard to eat ;
And the liquor in his goblet,
Very rare, select, and old,
Down the monarch's thirsty throttle
Runs a stream of liquid gold !
Quite disgusted with his dining,

He betakes him to his bed ;
 But, alas ! the golden pillow
 Doesn't rest his weary head ;
 Nor does all the gold around him
 Soothe the monarch's tender skin :
 Golden sheets to sleepy mortals,
 Might as well be sheets of tin !
 Now poor Midas, straight repenting
 Of his rash and foolish choice,
 Went to Bacchus, and assured him,
 In a very plaintive voice,
 That his golden gift was working
 In a manner most unpleasant ;
 And the god, in sheer compassion,
 Took away the fatal present.
 By this mythologic story
 We are very plainly told,
 That, though gold may have its uses,
 There are better things than gold ;
 That a man may sell his freedom
 To procure the shining pelf :
 And that Avarice, though it prosper,
 Still contrives to cheat itself !

THE MELANCHOLY HEN.

By W. G. WILLS.

SOME talk of melancholy men—
 I'm sure you'll think them cheerful when
 I tell you of a lonely hen,
 Who led a life secluded ;
 With other fowls she mingled not ;
 Her feathered relatives forgot ;
 She stood whole hours upon one spot,
 And o'er her sorrows brooded.

Her face it was depressed and meek,
 Pallid were her gill and beak,
 Unwholesome white her plumage ;
 Her voice was weak, peevish, and low,—
 The phantom of a broken crow,—
 As if the weight of bitter woe
 She would express were too much.

'Twas said an egg she never laid
 (And truly said I am afraid),
 In fact she was a sad old maid,
 Who lived in destitution.
 The cocks were slighting, proud, and rough,
 And often called her thin and tough,
 As if she weren't sad enough
 Without such persecution.

The wondering fowls conversed apart,
 A-roosting on an empty cart—
 Some said it was a broken heart,
 That drove the creature crazy ;
 Love unrequited was her luck,
 Some hinted with a pitying chuck ;
 While some, with a malicious chuck.
 Pronounced her only lazy.

Some gallant roving cock, we're told,
 With arching tail of green and gold,
 And swaggering steps so brave and bold—
 A dainty fowl, and pampered,
 Was once, alas ! adored by her
 For his tall crest and dauntless spur,
 And shamefully, the fowls aver,
 With her affections tampered.

If this be true 'twere hard to prove,
 At least, she never told her love—
 A blank is in her history.
 She loved one spot, we only know—
 The dunghill where he used to crow,
 And there she clucked and cackled so ;
 She was involved in mystery.

The fowls would beg of her to feed,
 And, as she was an invalid,
 Would treat her to some nice rape-seed,
 To make a small variety.
 But 'mid that little friendly pick,
 A grain within her throat would stick,
 And she would leave them, deadly sick
 Of rape-seed and—society.

Alas ! alas ! this mournful hen
 Shall never more lament again ;

One morning she by cruel men,
 To make hen-broth was taken.
 She bowed her head to their decree,
 It was a tearful sight to see
 Such high resolve and constancy,
 In one so all-forsaken.

And then each melancholy bone
 Into a seething pot was thrown,
 All but the merry-thought alone,
 For she had no such folly ;
 And a poetic cock averred—
 (But, mind, you don't believe his word)
 That 'neath the dunghill lie interred
 Her bones so melancholy.

[By kind permission of Mr. Freeman Wills.]

FEIGNED COURAGE.

BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

HORATIO, of ideal courage vain,
 Was flourishing in air his father's cane,
 And as the fumes of valour swell'd his pate,
 Now thought himself *this* hero, and now *that*.
 "And now," he cried, "I will Achilles be ;
 My sword I brandish ; see, the Trojans flee,
 Now I'll be Hector, when his angry blade
 A lane thro' heaps of slaughtered Grecians made.
 And now by deeds still braver I'll evince :
 I am no less than Edward, the Black Prince,
 Give way, ye coward French ! " As thus he spoke,
 And aimed in fancy a sufficient stroke
 To fix the fate of Cressy or Poitiers
 (The Muse relates the hero's fate with tears),
 He struck his milk-white hand against a nail,
 Sees his own blood, and feels his courage fail.
 Ah ! where has now that boasted valour flown
 That in the tented field so late was shown !
 Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his head,
 And the Black Prince goes whimpering to bed.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE NOSE AND THE EYES.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;
While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.
" In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, " will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."
Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
" Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the nose is ; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.
Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance has not a nose,
Pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?
On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."
Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.
So his lordship decreed, in a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That—" Whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candle-light—Eyes should be shut."

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

THE lawns were dry in Euston Park
(Here truth inspires my tale),
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the Vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.
Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still ;
And echo'd to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill.
Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade ;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
And hovering circuits made.
The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.
Darker it grew, and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind ;
When now, a short, quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.
She turn'd—it stopt—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain !
But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.
Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame :
For, when the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same !
She mutter'd many a prayer.
Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;
When, through the cheating gloom of night,
A monster stood in view.
Regardless of whate'er she felt
It follow'd down the plain !
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.
Then on she sped ; and hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view ;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That ghost and all pass'd through.
Loud fell the gate against the post
Her heart-strings like to crack :
For much she fear'd the grizzly ghost
Would leap upon her back.
Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went

As it had done before :
 Her strength and resolution spent,
 She fainted at the door.
 Out came her husband, much surpris'd ;
 Out came her daughter dear :
 Good-natured souls ! all unadvis'd
 Of what they had to fear.
 The candle's gleam pierced through the night,
 Some short space o'er the green ;
 And there the little trotting sprite
 Distinctly might be seen.
 An ass's foal had lost its dam
 Within the spacious park ;
 And, simple as the playful lamb
 Had follow'd in the dark.
 No goblin he, no imp of sin ;
 No crimes had ever known,
 They took the shaggy stranger in,
 And rear'd him as their own.
 His little hoofs would rattle round
 Upon the cottage floor ;
 The matron learn'd to love the sound
 That frighten'd her before.
 A favourite the ghost became,
 And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
 And long he lived and spread his fame
 And kept the joke alive.
 For many a laugh went through the vale ;
 And some conviction too :
 Each thought some other goblin tale
 Perhaps was just as true.

ASK AND HAVE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

" Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
 Sweet Mary," says I.
 " Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
 Beginning to cry :
 " For my mother says men are deceivers,
 And never, I know, will consent ;
 She says girls in a hurry who marry,
 At leisure repent."

" Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I.

" Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry :

" For my father he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
" He'll surely say, ' No. ' "

" Then how shall I get you, my jewel ?
Sweet Mary," says I ;

" If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die."

" Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary ;
" A way now to save you I see :
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me* ! "

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